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Drawing/Collage by Louis Dunn, S.F. Bay Guardian, 1971

S.F.'s rush toward the ultimate highrise

A startling new survey proves skyscrapers gobble up more taxes than they pay

How to terrorize your local broadcaster for fun and profit

By Lorenzo W. Milam

I don't know if you have ever tried to get access to a radio or television station. I mean just get in the door. Those boogers will use everything possible to keep you on the other side of the door from their precious frequency. Their frequency. I keep saying that. I keep forgetting that the frequencies, the air, the ether--belongs to all of us. Or should.

What broadcasters usually put in your way is a bleach-blond secretary with a frozen smile and a retarded mind. She is programmed to keep you out. The idea is that if you got in there and started trying to do something creative with the air, they might lose some bucks. Might lose their 30% or 50% or 70% annual profit margin. Because that is what broadcasters in big cities manage to pull out of the air. Your air.

A bleach-blond secretary, with silver fingernails, and an infinite number of ways of saying no. You could be looking for a job, or asking that they do some public service for you, or maybe you have some fine creative idea for stirring up the air, for getting some ideas from here to there, across the sky. You may want to talk, or argue, or sing, or convey some idea (your idea) of the nature of the universe, the purblind foolishness of man.

YOU MAY have some such grand idea to propound, and you know they are not going to let you in. They are going to create a wall called mystery. The mystique of the broadcaster. The wall that says "Only I know how to program this frequency. I paid a great deal of money to get it. And if you can't buy it, get out." That's the way their heads work--those tits: or do I have to explain to you that more than 75% of broadcast management get to that spot through being hotshot salesmen. That tells you where their minds are.

They create the aura of magic. All that equipment. All those engineering feats. All those weird things you have to do with your voice before you can get on their air. Like having to go to some awful broadcast school like Columbia School of Broadcasting or Bill Wade or Ron Baillie--those awful rip-off schools where they take your thousand dollars, cram some terrible honey-voice in your throat and

ship you off to Montana to work at some AM 250 watt daytimer. And you think: "This isn't what I meant when I said I wanted to broadcast..."

...to transmit sound ideas. To get across the barrier of broadcast mystery which, I must tell you, is a shuck and delusion. For the magic of radio and television is not locked in the hands of those twinks who run KFRC or KEST or KIOI or KPIX or KNBR or KGO-TV or that miserable KNTV in San Jose.

Those people are sucking millions of dollars from a precious resource, the broadcast frequency--and you are being denied the chance to communicate. And all they have is the bucks to buy and hold on to that frequency. I'll try to give you some ideas about how to get in those sacred doors. I will try to teach you a few tricks which are the crumbs left over from the singular fact that there just aren't enough air spaces to go around--and the government has to regulate who gets on the air and who doesn't.

UP TO a few years ago, the only people who got to broadcast were those who had enough of a gold mine to buy a frequency. And, because the Federal Communications Commission (like most independent regulatory commissions) tended to be run by those it was supposed to be regulating, there was little redress for the disenfranchised public.

Like, the commissioners would be having lunch with the president of ABC, and then go back to the office to vote on some permit for ABC. That was back in the Eisenhower years, and those were drab years for broadcasting in this country--far drabber than now.

Some court decisions, and some good guy commissioners have made it possible for us to get a toe in the broadcaster's door--and although they will bitch and moan and lie to you, you should do everything to get in: if you find their programming to be 'deplorable; if you have some sort of an alternative to offer them.

The public record play is perhaps the best way for you to terrorize management of a radio or television station, and, if you know what to look for, it can be the best way to (perhaps) get some action to improve that station's programming.

My friend Bill Wade wandered into that

screaming-meemie junkheap called KFRC the other day and said to the secretary that he wanted to see the public file. "What?" she said. "I want to see your public file," he said. "I don't know if we have one," she said. "What is it?" You had better have one," he said.

All stations are required by the Federal Communications Commission to have such a record (of their dealings with the FCC) available at the station itself during working hours (9-5, M-F) for any member of the public to inspect. And if they lie, as so many broadcasters do ("It's in Washington," or "It's locked up in the president's office" or "It's at the transmitter") all you have to do is tell them that if they don't produce it for you, you are going to raise hell with the Complaints & Compliance Division of the FCC (William B. Ray, Chief, FCC, Washington, DC 20554). Usually, they get the message and let you look at it.

WHEN WADE finally got past all the bureaucracy at KFRC, he ended up in an office with two or three feet of documents, and the manager of the station, nervously popping in every now and again to try to figure out who in the hell this donab was (the last time anyone had asked to see their public records was back in 1968.)

Wade kept mum, giving them only his name and none of the other information they asked for when he made his request (there is no provision in the FCC code that says you have to reveal who you are and why you want to see the public record. Broadcasters' fear and trembling make them try to find out.)

What you should look for in the public record is PROMISE vs. PERFORMANCE.

Since this is license renewal time for all California broadcast stations, if you want to point out to the FCC any gross discrepancies in a broadcaster's promise to do public affairs, or performing arts, you might get the license renewal of that station held up for a few months. And I want to tell you--broadcasters hate and despise anything that tinkers with their (what they believe) God-given right to get their license renewed rubber-stamp like. For instance, Wade noticed that the license application for KFRC promised the Commission that the station would be doing 3 hours 15 minutes a week of public affairs programming. Since the manager had heard his laughter down the hall, and had looked in to see what was so funny, Wade asked when that 195 minutes of public affairs was actually being broadcast over that station, what with all the shriek and holler and those \$50-a-minute commercials they run 10 or 15 times an hour.

Well you know all that fancy public affairs programming goes on at some ungodly hour of the morning, like 3 am, or maybe Sunday morning when everyone is safely in bed or in church and the bucks won't be affected. And bless my soul: the station manager couldn't account for more than an hour or so--and was super-irritated that Wade had the knowledge of where to look. In the public file for the trouble-making stuff.

IF YOU are willing to go to the trouble, there are some other ways you can get broadcasters' goats. And sometimes, you can get the license renewal held up, but best of all, you can some-

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How to terrorize the media

Continued from page 1

times get them to give you or a group of yours some time on the air to really talk about public affairs.

For instance, minority employment. That is a real doozy right now. The FCC has required all large radio and television stations (more than 10 employees) to state how many minority employees they have, and to explain how they are striving to train and hire black, chicano, and other minority groups. These questionnaires are part of the public file, and you can always ask the station management to describe to you what they are doing in this area.

Concomitant with this—although not specifically laid out—is the question of minority programming. If a station is lily-white, and aims none of its programming to any minority group, or makes no contact with minority group leaders to develop programming aimed at the poor and the dispossessed—one can complain, this fall, and ask for time for this purpose.

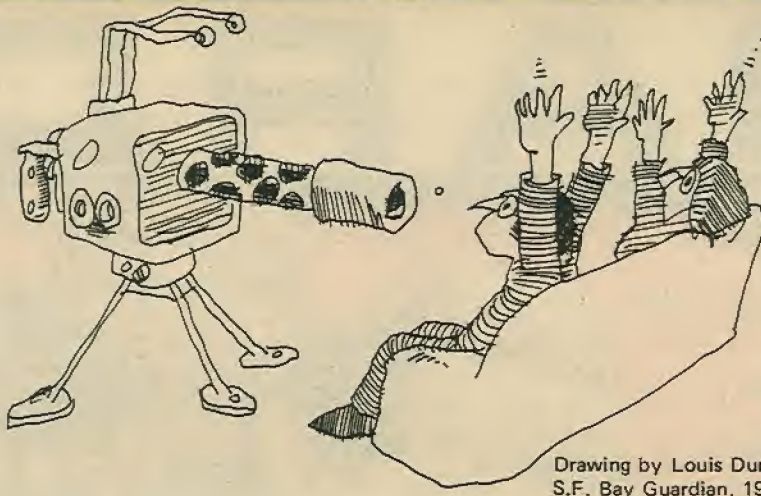
A very shrewd group of chicanos has wrested five half-hour prime time programs from that enormously wealthy (and enormously piggy) Channel 11 down in San Jose. If you are associated with any such group, or have a general interest in seeing such programming on any local station, this is the time to raise hell.

As in all of these rubarbs I am giving you, remember that your most potent device is reason, and persistence. For instance, if you look at the public file and find that a station has promised the FCC back in 1968 to do an hour program a week aimed toward blacks—and if the station is doing nothing of the sort—then you can write to them and ask for time for such a program. And you can keep tabs from now on on their 1971 promises.

WAIT A few days, and for God's sakes, keep a copy of your letter. If there is no response, call up the station manager. Tell him your idea. Ask his cooperation. If he acts like you are insulting him for asking such a thing, or if he is evasive, put your facts together and write to the FCC in Washington, DC and explain exactly what has happened. Send a copy to the station in question. Be persistent. Remember whose air is being prostituted.

One of the best ways to get air time is through the Fairness Doctrine. This states that, if a broadcaster puts a program on the air on any controversial matter—then he must provide time for opposing points of view. If you hear a program on most any subject, and if you think that the material presented is controversial and bears refuting, write a letter to the station and ask for time to reply under the Fairness Doctrine.

Once again, wait a few days. If nothing, call. If you are getting the brush off—write up a letter (once again, reasoned and logical) to Mr.



Drawing by Louis Dunn
S.F. Bay Guardian, 1971

Ray at the FCC, with a copy to the station and to Commissioner Nicholas Johnson. Be persistent. They'll figure out any excuse not to give you time. They want to sell it out from under us—remember.

There are some other ways of getting your voice heard. One of them (a good one, if you happen to have the money) is to buy a broadcast station—or, if you live out in the wilderness—start one of your own.

There is a superb book on this subject, written by me, and available for \$1 from us at 5 University Ave., Los Gatos 95030. It is called *Sex and Broadcasting*, and has little, if anything to do with sex. It's just that my great aunt Till always said that if you use the word "sex" in the title of any book or magazine article, it would double sales and quadruple readership. I am patiently waiting.

And, if you are really foolhardy, there is the famous 'strike' application...in which you file against an existing broadcaster for his FCC license. If you plan to do this, get prepared for five or so years of bureaucracy and hearings and appeals.

IT'S REALLY dull stuff, but you might end up with a million dollar piece of broadcast property if you can prove to the FCC that the existing licensee is a money-hungry twerp, and that you are going to do a better job of broadcasting.

I don't recommend it: it would cost you about \$20,000 - \$50,000 to go for an existing AM license, and another \$50,000 to get the thing on the air. But what is even more unfortunate is the creeping kaffkaism which gets in your blood after you go through such a hearing. I went through a five year FCC hearing and found myself starting to agree with the rightness of the essentially mad situation which is called comparative hearing. It took me months to recover.

If there is any chance you can get air time for yourself or for your group or for any worthy controversial program by simply asking to have it, without going through the FCC—then do it. But if you can get such airtime for free, especially from a local AM or TV station, then you are far more charming and witty than I am.

Because I know that broadcasters are essentially greedy and insensitive bores. They are in the business because of the enormous profits to be made by those who run radio juke boxes or television 9th run movie houses. They know the great public demand is for acres of goo—and they have little concept of leadership and less of journalism.

Leadership—in the tradition of the English or Canadian broadcasters...where the ether is seen as a giant pallet—a monster canvas made of clear air on which those who care can draw great sound and visual works of art. Drama and public affairs and interviews and that great wandering microphone and camera—peering into the holes of the lives of all of us and pulling from it some great truths and beauty, some great knowledge about where we are, and where we should be going as we wheel down the golden hinges which are our days.

Broadcasters: those greedy goops. Not realizing that they are hurting themselves and our lives and our hope by not presenting wide-ranging, intelligent, in-depth experiments in sound and light. Fooling themselves into thinking that their bucks and their fancy grotesque Detroit automobiles are far more important than the eyes and the ears and the minds of those of us out there, in the night, wondering what it all means.

Lorenzo Milam is owner and manager of KTAO radio (Los Gatos), founder of KRAB radio (Seattle) and KBOO (Portland) and a partner in KDNA (St. Louis). He is also treasurer of Poor Peoples Radio, SF, and a former reporter on the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THAT WAS THE COMPOSITE WEEK THAT WAS

You've probably forgotten (if you ever knew) what local broadcast stations put on the air on Sunday, July 12, 1970; Monday, May 25, 1970; Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1970; April 29, 1970; Thursday, Feb. 19, 1970; Friday, Nov. 21, 1969, and Saturday, Sept. 27, 1969.

These seven days are now of paramount importance because they represent the Composite Week—the seven days of programming chosen at random by the FCC that allow you to measure a station's program performance against a station's public program promises made at renewal time three years ago.

It's in the public file: all you need to do is check the percentages and times in the composite week (news, public affairs, etc.) and compare it with the percentages promised in the 1968 renewal application. More: note the percentages promised for the next three years, then keep tabs on the station's current programming through monitoring and TV Guide/newspaper program listings.

For instance, our quick check of the new files at presstime showed that the four commercial VHF stations, KPIX, KRON, KGO and KTVU, taken together, ran only three half hour public affairs programs during prime time. KRON had no prime-time public affairs program during the entire week.

We rated the stations by the percentage of total broadcast time devoted to news and public affairs. KPIX came out on top with 18.8%, followed by KRON with 16.95%, then by KGO with 15.38% and last by Oakland's KTVU with 8.5%. Significantly, that's also the way they rank in the ratings.

HOW TO MEASURE STATION PERFORMANCE

"It is the right of the public to receive suitable access to social, political, esthetic, moral and other ideas and experiences in programming." The Red Lion case, 1969.

The point is that you can determine for yourself how well the broadcaster fulfills this public responsibility. You can document the difference between what the station is actually doing, what the station has promised to do and what the FCC says it should be doing in the "public interest, convenience and necessity."

The renewal forms must specifically include:

- identification of station owners, key executives, station creditors, corporate holdings, corporate transactions. (Note: here's how you find all the family owners of Chron/KRON: names, Hillsborough addresses, per cent of stock.)

- description of how the station ascertained the needs of the community, with list of "community leaders" the station chose to contact to determine community needs. (important: if you or your group weren't "ascertained," you can complain to the station and try to get it to do so by filing an amendment to its application, deadline Nov. 1.)

- lists of proposed and past programs designed to respond to community needs and interests. (Note: always interesting: KPAT found these needs in Berkeley: "inadequate local government services, excessive costs, insufficient youth education, training and employment, insufficient prevention of drug abuse, inadequate housing, inept urban renewal, racial and welfare antagonisms exacerbated by overpopulation.")

(To meet these needs, KPAT programmed three lightweight shows a week for about two hours. Included "Berkeley City Commons Club" from 9:30 to 10 Sunday morning.)

- program promises for last renewal period (percentage of news, public affairs, local programming, public service announcements, etc.)

- programming date for a composite week during the last renewal period. (Note: you can cut to the nitty gritty here and measure promise versus performance by the numbers.)

- total number of station personnel on news staff: number of minority employees in different job categories.

- number of public service announcements broadcast weekly.

- amount of time devoted to commercials over the past renewal period; proposed amount for new period.

If any of the above are missing or incomplete in the public file, complain to the station manager. If you find inadequacies and deficiencies in station policy, consider taking public action as suggested in section two.

Footnote: some stations make it difficult for you to see the file: they ask you to sign a form giving your name, address, business, organization you represent, phone (you need give only your name and address): They make you stand up or give you no space to write (you must be given a writing surface). They ask you "what documents you want" (you reply you want the entire file). KRON makes you wait a half hour or so (bitch).

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."
(Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Four weeks advance notice. Enclose your mail label or old address and your new mailing address.

How, when and where

ZEROING IN WITH SIX QUESTIONS

The United Church of Christ, a group nationally famous for its media challenges, recommends you zero in on a station with these six questions based on current FCC standards for programming, advertising and employment:

1. Does the station make a serious and continuing effort to consult with representatives of community groups about the kind of programming it provides and how it might improve its service? (See ascertainment section.)
2. Does the station present a balanced program schedule, offering programs in each of 14 areas the FCC enumerates as representing local needs? (The 14: (1) opportunity for local expression; (2) development and use of local talent; (3) programs for children; (4) religious programs; (5) educational programs; (6) public affairs programs; (7) editorialization by licenses; (8) political broadcasts; (9) agricultural programs; (10) news programs; (11) weather and market reports; (12) sports; (13) service to minority groups; (14) entertainment programs.) The FCC doesn't require broadcasters to offer particular percentages in any category, but it has said a station must offer a balanced program that meets the needs and interests of all substantial groups in his audience.
3. Does the station program discussion of controversial issues important to the community? Does it present opposing points of view? Are minority groups included in discussion of community issues? Are news and documentary programs slanted toward one viewpoint?
4. Do announcers or guests of the station attack individuals or groups? Does the station have "call-in shows" that allow anonymous callers to attack individuals or organizations? Does the station allow those under attack an immediate opportunity to reply?
5. How much time does the station devote to public service broadcasting for non-profit organizations? Are these in prime time? Are they aimed at a variety of audiences?
6. Are the interests and needs of minority groups adequately served? For example, do blacks and Chicanos receive treatment equal to whites? Do they appear regularly on the station on all types of programs at all times of the day? Are black affairs presented fairly and objectively?

TO ANSWER these questions properly, you must: (a) know the FCC standards for programming, advertising, unemployment, undue media concentration, etc., (b) monitor the station regularly, interview personnel and check the station's public file (see page 2).

You can go into action if the answers indicate the station isn't fulfilling its public responsibilities. You can do some things yourself, by letter and by phone, but it's best if you join with a community group (see page 3) or start one yourself or find a good attorney.

You have two major courses to consider: non-legal action (complaints, pr, letter and education campaigns and community negotiation with the station) and legal action (petition to deny, which is what Al Kihn and Mrs. Blanche Streeter did to KRON last time around.)

The first is persuasive, the second relies upon the legal enforcement machinery of the FCC and the courts. If the first fails, then you can apply legal leverage; groups working in Atlanta, Chicago, Rochester and Nashville

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And now, straight from New York, S.F.'s radio and tv lineup

Written and compiled by Leslie Waddell

STATION CALL LETTERS MANAGER OWNERSHIP	PERSONNEL (Full time only) PROGRAMMING	OTHER INTERESTING DATA <small>Ratings compiled from professional media ratings services.</small>
TELEVISION		
KPIX - TV, CH. 5 Van Ness & Greenwich, SF. 776-5100 Wm. E. Osterhaus Westinghouse Brctg., NY, NY	Total Personnel 160 News Personnel 41 Minority Personnel 22 News 11.4% Public Affairs 7.4% Old Movies 19.3% Re-runs 4.9% Local Production 4.14%	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 1 overall, 1st at 6 p.m. news; OWNERSHIP: 100% Westinghouse Electric; DOD CONTRACTS: Ranks No. 14 with \$418 million for fiscal '70; OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 10 Radio, 4 TVs; CATV interests; LOCAL INTERESTS: Partner with big developer in huge Half Moon Bay residential project (See Fishel p. 10); Holds BART contracts; COMMENTS: Eliminated documentary unit for an "expanded news" program every month or so; Osterhaus the only Bay Area TV General Mgr. not to come from sales & promo ranks; has a programming background; one of a team responsible for developing the format for syndicated "Mike Douglas Show". Louis Simon, Vice President of Group W and KPIX is a director of SF Chamber of Commerce, president of SF Visitors and Convention Bureau, member of a downtown smut-fighting committee. Turn on John Weston!
KRON - TV, CH. 4 1001 Van Ness, SF 441-4444 Aldo H. Constant Chronicle Brctg, SF	Total Personnel 208 News Personnel 45 Minority Personnel 25 Public Affairs 2.72% News 10.8% Old Movies 6.15% Re-runs 9.9% Local Production .83% (KRON did not file new broadcast application on grounds that '68 applications are still pending during FCC renewal battle. Our KRON figures for news and public affairs come from TV Guide. TV Station Percentages for Re-runs, Old Movies and Local Production were also taken from TV Guide.)	KRON: RATINGS: No. 2 overall, second in news. Affiliate of NBC, owned by RCA. OWNERSHIP: Owned by the Chronicle newspaper, which is owned by the heirs and in-laws of Chronicle founder M.H. deYoung. MAJOR OFFICERS: Joseph O. Tobin (patriarch of Tobins of Hibernia Bank); Charles de Young Thieriot (Chronicle publisher); Phyllis Tucker (only living daughter of M.H. de Young). LOCAL INTERESTS: Linked with the Examiner in a joint agency newspaper monopoly that is allowed, by the "failing newspaper" act of Congress to fix advertising prices, divide profits and rig markets; has one of two cable-tv franchises in SF (which it's never developed) and cable franchises and some 30,000 subscribers in South San Francisco, unincorporated San Carlos, Redwood City and San Mateo and Concord (with the Newhall Land Co.); Chron/KRON interests represented by Cooper, White and Cooper (Sheldon Cooper is related to publisher Thieriot through his wife, Patricia Tobin). OTHER INTERESTING HOLDINGS: both Chronicle and Hearst have South of Market holdings that were gerrymandered out of the Yerba Buena redevelopment project; Charles de Young Thieriot is a director of the Parrott Investment Co., which owns the land beneath the Emporium; CHRON CORPORATE SUBSIDIARIES HAVE extensive land holdings in Oregon, Tahoe area and Southern California; family heavily invested in Allied Properties (Cooper is on the board) which owns Clift Hotel and wheels and deals in other SF high rise properties (Plaza Hotel, 111 Sutter). COMMENTS: KRON's license attacked by Al Kihn and Mrs. Blanche Streeter in nationally important case; used four law firms (two local, two in Washington) and spent hundreds of thousands to fight the challenge directed by Atty. Charles Cline Moore; got favorable ruling from FCC examiner; case will come soon before full commission; KRON now reviving earlier attempt to disqualify FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson on basis of pre-challenge business letters he received from Kihn and Bruce Brugmann, Guardian publisher. Before Kihn: a mediocre station. After Kihn: much better.
KGO - TV, Ch. 7 277 Golden Gate Ave., SF 863-0077 Don Curran ABC, NY, NY	Total Personnel 200 News Personnel 35 Minority Personnel 30 News 7.29% Public Affairs 8.09% Old Movies 23.32 % Re-runs 8.8% Local Production 8.2%	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 3; OWNERSHIP: 100% ABC. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 12 Radio, 4 TVs; manufactures/distributes recordings (Dunhill, ABC-Paramount) and movies; LOCAL INTERESTS: Marine World in Leslie Salt's housing development in the marshes off Redwood City. COMMENTS: now No. 1 at 11 p.m. news spot. KGO-TV heavy on crime and police stuff; does a sloppy job on news; hasn't enough cameras, cars and personnel to compete with KPIX and KRON; the ratings reflect this; ABC's "jolly news" format inspired by NY consulting firm; culminated not too long ago with anchorman and weatherman throwing snow at each other at show's end. Get it together, KGO-TV.
KTVU - TV, CH. 2 1 Jack London Sq., Oakland 834-2000 Roger Rice Cox Brctg., Atlanta, Georgia	Total Personnel 145 News Personnel 31 Minority Personnel 29 Public Affairs 2.9% News 5.6% Old Movies 21.7% Re-runs 35.3% Local Production 0%	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 4, Fort/Tuckner Report last in news; OWNERSHIP: 100% Cox. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 8 Radio, 4 TVs; Monopoly newspapers in Atlanta, Ga. (both the Journal and Constitution), Ohio, Florida; Bing Crosby Productions: Cox produced and distributed "Hogan's Heroes" & "Championship Bowling"; Large CATV holdings. COMMENTS: the Independent with appeal mostly to older folk. Features "Flag of the Day" and "Criminal Court Box Score". And by the way, Roger Rice answers his own phone.
KBHK-TV, Ch. 44 420 Taylor St., SF 771-5115 Carlos Anneke Kaiser Industries, Oakland	Total Personnel 57 News Personnel 1 Minority Personnel 11 News 1.0 % Public Affairs 2.9%	BAY AREA RATINGS: Now last, but was first and best among the 4 UHF's; OWNERSHIP: 100% Kaiser; DOD CONTRACTS: among the top 100 DOD contractors in '69. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: owns all or controlling interest in 5 TVs; owns 4 Radios including successful KFOG-FM; has CATV interests. LOCAL INTERESTS: Kaiser Hospitals, Cement & Gypsum, Sand & Gravel, Aerospace & Electronics, Aluminum & Chemical. (Check the phonebook under Kaiser.) Also has BART contracts. COMMENTS: only remaining UHF in Bay Area, \$8 million or so in losses since '68. All broadcast interests tightly controlled by Dick Block, Kaiser VP for broadcasting, former KRON promotion man, from Kaiser Center in Oakland; local production went out with Joe Dolan, now runs mainly old movies, the Munsters, Big Time Wrestling.
UHF-TV OBITUARIES		
KUDO-TV (UHF) Dec. 28, 1968-March, 1971	-----	BAY AREA RATINGS: was last of all the UHF's. OWNERSHIP: Bay Brctg. Co. headed by Ed Keil interests. No other broadcast interests, but Keil has local business and real estate holdings. COMMENTS: Carleton Goodlett, black publisher of the Sun Reporter, years ago tried to get the channel when it was the city's last available UHF channel. Would have been the first blackowned station. Lost out to the Ed "King-of-the-non-profit-corporation" Keil interests. Was underfinanced from the outset, but managed so badly that it came and went within months, without creating a murmur. Adjudicated bankrupt April 16, '71; license held by trustee of bankruptcy; equipment repossessed by Ampex and RCA; other possessions sold by auction in May '71.
KEMO-TV (UHF) April 1, 1968-March 1971	-----	BAY AREA RATINGS: Was 2nd among the UHF's, 6th in SF market; OWNERSHIP: U.S. Communications Corp. of Pa., a subsidiary of AVC Corp. (formerly American Viscose Corp., a closed-end, non-diversified management investment company). OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 4 TVs (all UHF). COMMENT: AVC Corp. apparently has decided UHF's are a bad investment. Its stations now are either off the air or will be shortly, and reported up for sale.
KNEW-TV NOW KQEC-TV, (Ed.)	-----	BAY AREA RATINGS: next to last place in the total market before demise. OWNERSHIP: Metromedia, Inc.; transferred the channel quietly to the Bay Area Educational TV Assoc. (KQED) in Sept., '70. COMMENTS: Metromedia wheeled canned programs up from its LA station; locally, turned out a jaunty children's show; had no inclination to spend money to make the station work on any basis; transferred channel to KQED (which hasn't the money to develop the station properly, is running only four hours a day of Newsroom and Sesame Street reruns; should be given a deadline to either develop the station or turn it over to a community group that can); Metromedia got a huge tax writeoff in return.
RADIO		
KSFO 950 California, SF. 982-5500 Bert West Golden West Brctg., LA	Total Personnel 80 News Personnel 8 Minority Personnel 5	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 1, but losing ground; OWNERSHIP: 50.1% by Gene Autry, 49.9% by the Signal Co.; OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 3 Radio, 1 TV by Golden West; Autry also personally owns controlling interest in 3 Radio and 1 TV in Ariz.; OTHER INTERESTING HOLDINGS: Golden West owns the California Angels and 16% of the LA Rams. Signal Cos. conglomerate owns Signal Oil, Garrett Corp. (aerospace) & Mack Trucks. DOD CONTRACTS: Rank No. 71 with \$68 million in '70. COMMENTS: the most financially successful radio station in the Bay Area for the past five years. We especially like Mike Powell and his fine news shows, Gene Nelson and Russ the Moose. Jim Lange should stay in LA with "Dating Game." Bring back the Don Sherwood of 1959! BRING BACK PARKY SHARKY

(CONTINUED)		The San Francisco Bay Guardian September 27, 1971 page 5	
Station/Mngr./Owner	Personnel/Programs	Other Interesting Data	
KFRC 415 Bush St., SF 982-9200 Mark Hurd RKO General, Inc./ General Tire & Rubber N.Y., N.Y.	Total Personnel 54 News Personnel 7 Minority Personnel 7	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 2; OWNERSHIP: 100% RKO General, a subsidiary of General Tire & Rubber; DOD CONTRACTS: No. 23 with \$250 million for fiscal '70; OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 10 Radio, 5 TVs; Large CATV interests, locally in Albany, Benicia, Modesto, San Pablo and Santa Rosa. COMMENTS: 1st in "Top 40" race for bubble-gum crowd.	
KFMS-FM (See above) Full automated 24 hrs. "Solid Gold" R & R	Total Personnel 10 News Personnel 0 Minority 1 (Shares Some AM Staff)		
KGO 277 Golden Gate Ave., SF 863-0077 Ed McLaughlin American Brctg. Co., N.Y., N.Y.	Total Personnel 74 News Personnel 17 Minority 11	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 3 overall, No. 2 in news; OWNERSHIP: SEE KGO, TV. COMMENTS: KGO led by Jim Eason from 7 to 10 p.m. is the "talk" station of Northern Ca.; Bob Benson's news dept. outclasses KCBS and all other AM news. However, KSFX-FM is taking it in the shorts in the underground market way behind KSAN-FM even after junking ABC's disastrous canned "LOVE" format and bringing in Tony Pigg, former KSAN heavy from LA, and others for live studio work at AFTRA scales; we especially like Krassner the Realist.	
KSFX-FM (See above) 864-5739 G. Yahries	Total Personnel 30 News Personnel 1 Minority 7	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 4 overall; No. 1 in news; No. 8 for FM; OWNER-SHIP: 100% CBS; OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 12 Radio, 5 TVs; has large CATV interests; Columbia Records; Holt, Rinehart & Winston books. OTHER INTERESTING HOLDINGS: Creative Playthings; the New York Yankees. LOCAL INTERESTS: a CBS spinoff corp. called Via Com, owns Cablevision, the sole operating SF CATV franchise (KRON holds the non-operating one) and cable systems in Contra Costa and Marin counties, Antioch, Pittsburg, Dublin, Pleasanton, Livermore and Yuba City; biggest CATV owner in Northern California. KPIX-TV is affiliate of CBS Network. COMMENTS: all news formula has helped ratings; the only station which endorses political candidates, has endorsed Dellums for Congress in Berkeley, Reagan for governor. KCBS uses the headline tease, an annoying practice because of the often long wait between the tease and the news; too much rip and read; too much repeat news; not enough good local enterprise news; KGO news is better.	
KCBS Sheraton-Palace Hotel 982-7000 Neil Derrough Columbia Brctg. System, N.Y., N.Y.	Total Personnel 82 News Personnel 36 Minority 14		
KCBS-FM (See above) John Kekalos Automated but changing to live format.	Shares AM Staff	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 5 both AM & FM; OWNERSHIP: Currently awaiting FCC approval for license transfer from McLendon Pacific Brctg. (McLendon Oil of Dallas) to Starr Brctg. of New Orleans. Starr Brctg. was founded in 1957 by W.F. Buckley, Jr. of "Firing Line" and National Review. He remains Starr's second largest shareholder. McLendon bought KABL AM/FM in 1962 for about \$800,000; package price nine yrs. later was \$10.5 million. OTHER STARR MEDIA HOLDINGS: 7 radio, mostly rock, which prompted NY magazine to call Buckley "The Covert King of Rock;" 1 TV, awaiting FCC approval on one additional TV in Honolulu and 2 more Radios in Camden, N.J. and Dallas; also owns Arlington House Publishing and the Conservative Book Club. KABL AM/FM is licensed in Oakland, but caters to SF market to the indignation of Oakland community groups.	
KABL 632 Commercial, SF. 982-9586 Knowles Hall Starr Brctg., New Orleans, La.	Total Personnel 22 News Personnel 0 Minority 4		
KABL-FM (See above) Partially automated	Total Personnel 1 News Personnel 0 Minority 0 (Shares AM Staff)	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 6; OWNERSHIP: 100% AVCO Corp., DOD CONTRACTS: Ranked No. 20 with \$270 million for '70, not including a \$575 million contract to provide wings for Lockheed Corp. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 4 Radio, 5 TVs. OTHER INTERESTING HOLDINGS: Avco owns companies manufacturing electronic products, airplane engines, farm implements, industrial abrasives and is engaged in electronic and chemical research. Avco also owns Avco-Embassy Pictures; Avco Thrift; Carte Blanche Credit Cards; Paul Revere Life Insurance; Seaboard Finance. COMMENTS: 2nd in the "Top 40" bubble-gum race; virtually indistinguishable from leader KFRC except for volume, earnings and heavy air-play of Army recruitment ads on KFFC.	
KYA 1 Nob Hill Circle, SF. 397-2500 Howard Kester Avco Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio	Total Personnel 43 News Personnel 4 Minority 3		
KOIT-FM (See above) Full automated 24 hrs. C & W	Shares some AM staff	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 7-AM; No. 5-FM; OWNERSHIP: 100% NBC which is 100% RCA, DOD CONTRACTS: RCA is No. 22 with \$263 million for fiscal '70. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 10 Radio, 5 TVs; has CATV interests; manufactures and distributes recordings. COMMENTS: up for sale, as are all other radio holdings; price is high. The FM racks up good ratings with canned music piped in from San Diego and a professional programmer; AM is on the way down with a gummy format; another reason, Frank Dill: the bland leading the bland from 6 until 10 a.m. Heber, have a happy day.	
KNBR Fox Plaza, SF. 626-6700 Heber Smith National Brctg. Co., N.Y., N.Y.	Total Personnel 57 News Personnel 7 Minority 9		
KNBR-FM (See above) Fully automated	Shares AM Staff	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 8; OWNERSHIP: 100% Sonderling Brctg. Co. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 9 Radio, 2 TVs. COMMENTS: Now the only station serving the Black community. Sonderling, white-owned, has 3 other Black-oriented stations.	
KDIA BAY BRIDGE TOLL Plaza, Oakland 397-3224 Wm. Doubleday Sonderling Brctg., N.Y., N.Y.	Total Personnel 26 News Personnel 4 Minority 18		
KNEW 66 Jack London Sq., Oakland 836-0910 Ken Gaines Metromedia Inc., N.Y., NY.	Total Personnel 39 News Personnel 5 Minority 5	BAY AREA RATINGS: KNEW - No. 9; KSAN-FM - No. 1 in "underground" market OWNERSHIP: 100% Metromedia, Inc. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 10 Radio, 4 TVs; PLAYBILL MAGAZINE; Foster & Kleiser Outdoor Advertising; Ice Capades; Metromedia Records. COMMENTS: KNEW is a station in search of a saleable format; has broadcast rights for the Oakland Raiders.	
KSAN-FM 211 Sutter, SF. 986-2825 Willis Duff Metromedia Inc., N.Y., NY.	Total Personnel 22 News Personnel 4 Minority 6	KSAN-FM lost \$400,000 in two years, now making money and dominating the lucrative progressive rock market; canned commercials coming on strong; trying to talk the advertisers into allowing the staff to loosen them up KSAN-style; going the way of underground top 40. more rapping, time checks, standard play list; the best thing going is news at noon and at 5:30 p.m. with Dave McQueen et al; they use the phone like a weapon, their left analysis is the best around, they get more scoops (like Alcatraz) than any other broadcast station in town; unleash Wes "Scoop" Nisker.	
KEST (formerly KSOL) 150 8th, SF 626-5585 Allan Schultz KEST Corp., SF., Ca.	Total Personnel 8 News Personnel 1 Minority 5	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 10; OWNERSHIP: KEST Inc., formerly KSAN Inc. - 54% J.F. Malloy of Atherton; 43% by Del Courtney of Orinda and 3% by Alan P. Schultz of Menlo Park; Schultz is also Gen. Mgr. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: Malloy also owns 100% of KPLX-FM, San Jose; awaiting approval of sale of that station to PSA Broadcasting (division of PSA Airlines). COMMENTS: last year KEST abruptly abandoned its Black community format, a decision which was criticized by local black groups and Nicholas Johnson of the FCC; now airs Oakland A's baseball and middle of the road music; had the Raiders years ago, but couldn't get advertising as a black station.	
K101-FM 1001 California, SF 885-5101 Michael Lincoln Pacific FM Inc., SF	Total Personnel 22 News Personnel 2 Minority 0	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 2 in total FM market; OWNERSHIP: 51%-Jas. J. Gabbert of SF; 24.5%-Gary M. Gielow, SF.; 24.5% John Wickett of Atherton. COMMENTS: started in 1957 by two Stanford grads, Gielow and Gabbert, who got backing from Wickett, a Peninsula real estate man and logger. The workload: Gielow (business), Gabbert (programming), Wickett (the silent partner). Gabbert in 1968 bought enough shares from other two to control programming which is penthouse mod. So thick are the carpets, so spiffy are the offices, atop 1001 California on Nob Hill, that you must have coat and tie to get by the door-man; otherwise, up the back elevator you go.	
KMPX-FM 7 Adelaide Pl., SF 771-8500 Jeri Lesser National Science Network Inc., NY, NY	Total Personnel 16 News Personnel 0 Minority 0	BAY AREA RATINGS: No. 2 in the underground FM market; OWNERSHIP: 100% National Science Network. OTHER MEDIA HOLDINGS: 3 Radio, incl. KPCC-FM in Pasadena. COMMENTS: the original progressive rock station in the Bay area; frequent personnel turnover and "scab" labelling have hurt acceptance; still the most creative musical programming around; the only broadcast station with a woman manager; succeeded Creighton H. Churchill, who spent his career on the telephone to NY refereeing one of the most quixotic labor/management battles in broadcast capitalism. Who won, anyway?	

Continued from page 4

have used both persuasion and legal action successfully: the ability to take legal action at the FCC if necessary has often forced effective negotiation with a local station.

No matter what you do, you've got to work quickly. The key deadlines: Oct. 1 (for informal complaints to the FCC); Nov. 1 (for petitions to deny and competing applications.)

On informal complaints, follow Nicholas Johnson's law of effective reform:

1. State the facts: Give your name, station call letters and location and your specific complaint or suggestion.
2. Cite a standard: Relate your complaint or suggestion to a specific FCC standard (for example, fairness, personal attack, equal time and equal employment are all covered by specific rules stations must follow.)
3. Ask for a specific remedy: a new program, imposition of a fine or punishment, an opportunity to reply to personal attack or present another side to a controversial issue.

Send the complaint to the station. If you don't get satisfaction, send the complaint to the FCC (William B. Ray, chief complaints and compliance division, FCC, Washington, D.C. 20554) with copies of your correspondence. The FCC usually asks the station for a response and often will enclose your letter.

Sometimes, as in the KRON case, the FCC sets the matter for hearing and the fun begins.

◇

UP THE PROFITS LOWER THE TAXES

There's no question that most broadcasters make a lot of money. In 1969, the FCC reported that profits of the nation's 683 commercial tv stations reached an all time high of \$553.6 million.

For the Bay Area, the nation's 7th most lucrative market, the FCC reported profits of \$17,134,536 for television stations (KRON, KGO, KPIX, KTVU) and \$1,915,000 for radio stations.

Individual stations never tell you what they make (deadly, deadly ammo) and the figures they provide the FCC are never released except during renewal challenges.

However, The Guardian obtained the 1970 profit figures for KPIX, the area's top ranked station. The figures: \$7,627,885 (gross profit); \$3,874,966 (net profit) with a combined 1970 news and public affairs budget of \$701,144 (\$636,750 for news, \$64,394 for public affairs.)

These figures show that, far from being a drain on profits, news can be immensely profitable. KPIX sells 30 seconds on its 6 p.m. show for \$700, on the 7 p.m. news for \$500, on the 11 p.m. news for \$450.

At these rates, KPIX news pulls in some \$6,400,000 annually in revenue, which is 10 times the news budget. KPIX could double the news and public affairs budget and still get a 500 per cent rate of return.

The irony: the broadcasters take millions out of your air waves and your community, but the community doesn't get back its fair share in local taxes. All local broadcasters have quietly gotten an 80 per cent exemption from the gross receipts tax, the city's biggest exemption, and they're grumbling strongly about the new payroll tax. In fact, KSFO has just formally asked the city to rebate its paltry 1970 taxes (obviously, an industry test) and presumably will test the gross receipts tax and payroll tax in the courts.

◇

Senate, California Legislature, 1971 Regular Session

Resolution

Relative to commending Heber H. Smith

By Senator Milton Marks of the Ninth Senatorial District

WHEREAS, Heber H. Smith, the distinguished general manager of KNBR-AM and FM radio stations in San Francisco, has shown a consistent and energetic belief in using the facilities of the broadcast medium for the public interest; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Smith has served as president of the San Francisco Bay Area Broadcasters Association, and his career in radio spans more than 20 years of extensive experience in sales, advertising account representation, administration, and broadcasting in general; and

WHEREAS, He was born in Chicago, Illinois, educated at the University of California, where he majored in business administration, and served his country during World War II, as an officer in the U.S. Air Force; and

WHEREAS, His active leadership in many civic, church, fraternal, and business groups is ably demonstrated by the positions of responsibility he has held, including positions as president of the Sigma Phi Fraternity, president of the Milline Club, director of the Orinda Association, director of the Contra Costa County Suicide Prevention Association, and memberships on various committees, including the Communication Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, the Membership Committee of the Lafayette-Orinda Presbyterian Church, and the Steering Committee of KKKX-FM of the North Coast Synod of the Presbyterian Church; and

WHEREAS, He also actively participates civically, recreationally, and professionally as a member of the Lions Club, Oakland Raiders Booster Club, California Alumni Association, San Francisco Advertising Club, Orinda Country Club, International Platform Club, Oakland Chamber of Commerce, and the California Broadcasters Association; and

WHEREAS, Heber H. Smith and his wife, Barbara, live in Orinda, and their marriage has been blessed with three young ladies, their daughters, Shelley, Talley and Leslie; and

WHEREAS, Mr. Smith has received many honors for civic and charitable work; his conservation, education and race relations betterment work has earned him recognition; and his broadcast programming, focusing on public service and the working of governmental bodies which has endeavored to bring the positive values of our time to the people's attention is deserving of appreciation and honor; now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate of the State of California, That the Members commend Heber H. Smith for the many selfless services and important contributions he has made toward the betterment of his fellow men; and be it further

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate transmit suitably prepared copies of this resolution to Radio Station KNBR and to Mr. Heber H. Smith.

Senate Resolution No. 49 read and unanimously adopted January 27, 1971.

SIGNED:

Ed Rendell
Ed Rendell
President of the Senate

ATTEST:

Darryl R. White
Darryl R. White
Secretary of the Senate



'That'll hold the little bastards'

By Constance Casey Varmus

Television broadcasters have a way of plopping commercials into most everything. So perhaps it wasn't so strange that they could insert a plug for themselves and reverse the meaning of a supervisors' resolution that started out blasting them for low quality children's television programming.

"Resolved," the plug said, "that this Board of Supervisors does hereby endorse and applaud the efforts and interest of community groups in improving children's television programming, and the efforts and interests of local television broadcasters in being responsive to the needs and wishes of the community."

This is front page stuff: What have SF broadcasters done to merit the applause and endorsements of SF supervisors?

Very little, says the San Francisco Committee on Children's Television (CCT), a citizen group lobbying for better children's tv. In fact, says CCT, SF broadcasters have:

- 1) cut children's television in half in the past 10 years.
- 2) eliminated all local children's tv production (10 years ago, TV Guide listings show, they produced 30 hours per week).
- 3) allowed more commercials in children's shows than in adult shows (the NAB code allows 10 minutes per adult prime time hour, 16 minutes per children's prime time hour).
- 4) puts forth a "wasteland" of cartoons and reruns.

Sally Williams and Neil Morse, CCT co-chairmen, came up with a resolution asking the Supervi-

sors to "memorialize" the FCC to upgrade the quantity and quality of local children's programming. They took it to Supervisor Robert Mendelsohn, who promptly took it to the general managers of KGO (Don Curran), KRON (Al Constant) and KPIX (Wm. Osterhaus). Constant and Osterhaus made two cuts and inserted the "endorse and applaud" provision before the resolution came before the board.

Why did Mendelsohn and the supervisors allow the broadcasters to plug themselves? Mendelsohn, up for reelection, told me, "If local television programming for children is the goal, how do you get there? By establishing a working relationship with the station."

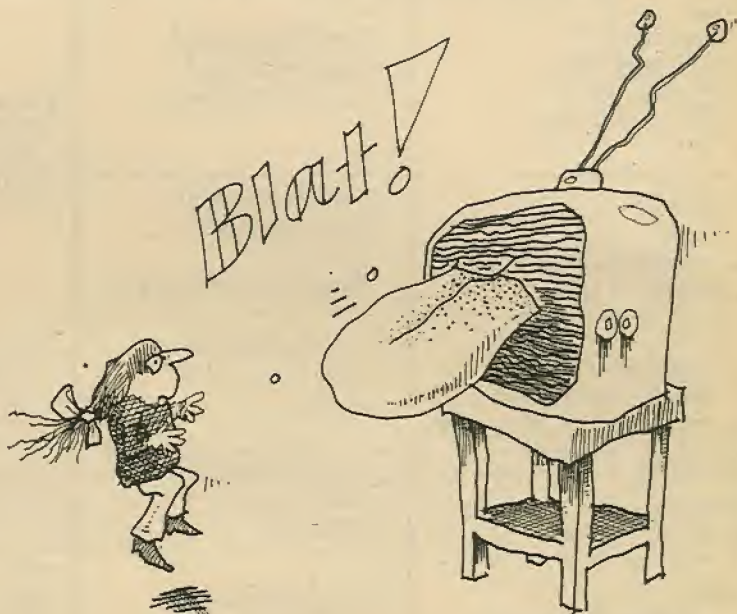
Doesn't it seem as if, in this relationship, Mendelsohn is working for KPIX and KRON? "I don't look upon legislating

as an adversary procedure," Mendelsohn replied. "Television is an institution willing to change."

Is it? What new ground will the stations be breaking this fall in children's programming?

KRON, CCT was told, will show old National Geographic and Encyclopedia Britannica documentaries and will re-run "Lassie." KPIX at first told CCT it had "no interest" in local children's programming, then came up with a one shot discussion show on children's programming. KGO reported it "had an idea for a program."

The attitude of our endorsed and applauded broadcasters is still like the famous blooper uttered by an old San Francisco radio star of the 1930s. Thinking he was off the air, he muttered, "Well, that ought to hold the little bastards."

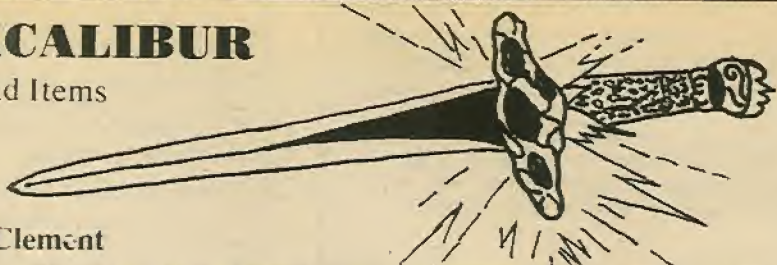


Drawing by Louis Dunn
S.F. Bay Guardian, 1971

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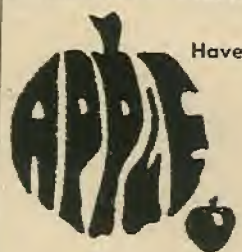
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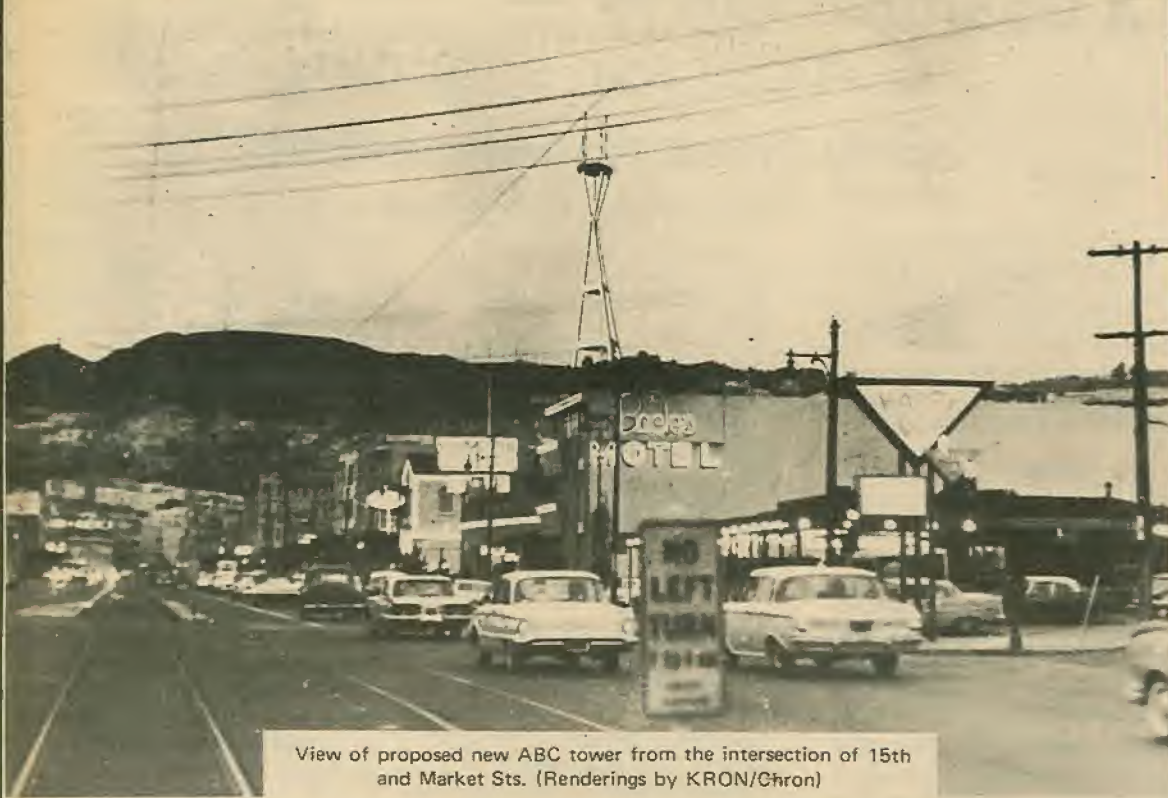
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View of proposed new ABC tower from the intersection of 15th and Market Sts. (Renderings by KRON/Chron)

"The design will actually enhance the appearance of the city and its skyline." 1966 KGO application to the planning commission.

It's taller than Transamerica, as tall as the Eiffel Tower, almost as tall as the Empire State Building but you'll never see it on KRON, KPIX, KGO or KTVU

By Merry Blodgett

The tip came from a KQED engineer who lived near the forested slopes of Mt. Sutro. Reporter Tom Devries and Photographer Charles Rudnick from Newsroom were soon on the scene and found a crew whacking down eucalyptus trees for the triangular base of the Sutro television tower.

"I started filming," Rudnick said, "and this character starts out of the building and he says 'are you sure you're supposed to film here?'"

Yes, I'm here on assignment. Who gave you the assignment? Mel Wax.

I'd appreciate it if you didn't film and I'll call Wax and find out."

Rudnick kept on filming and quickly made friends with some of the guys working on the big caterpillars. They cut down about a dozen trees and cleared a 10 by 50 foot swath. "Wish you'd been here before," they told him. "We really tore some big ones down, then."

The character (Harry Jacobs of Sutro Tower Inc., who later confirmed the "no publicity" story) came back out of the old Sutro house and asked Rudnick, Do you know the history behind this thing? We're building a television tower that will benefit all of San Francisco, and KQED will use it.

And there was an agreement not to cover this. If you showed footage of this, the neighborhood would be all up in arms.

DeVries/Rudnick went on the air that night with a good story, but not before KQED executives reviewed (but didn't alter) DeVries' copy for the first and only time since he's been on Newsroom. Later, KQED's feedback system got calls from SF viewers—startled and angry to find a huge tower rising in their midst.

The KQED story, it turned out, was the first major story on the air on the broadcasters' television tower and there was much grumbling about it by the boys in the backrooms.

(KRON, KPIX, KGO and KTVU own the tower jointly and most other radio and tv stations, including KQED, will be their tenants.)

What's the big secret? Why are broadcasters keeping the story under wraps? It didn't take long to find out.

For the Sutro tower will be a high rise disaster of the first magnitude: a 981-foot monstrosity,

painted orange and white, carrying seven rows of beacon lights, three rows flashing continuously, the whole thing rocketing skyward from a beautiful mountain site in the middle of residential San Francisco like no other tv tower in the county.

The tower will be higher than the Seattle space needle (605 feet), as high as the Eiffel Tower in Paris (980 feet), almost as high as the Empire State Building in New York. Sutro and the tower together, at 1811 feet, will be higher than the Empire State Building at 1250 feet.

More: as the tower goes up, the magnificent old Sutro mansion and carriage entrance will go down, as have scores of eucalyptus trees already on the 5.23 acre plot.

In other cities, you don't build a tv tower from the ground up in the center of town and make it the most dominating piece of architecture for miles around. You build it on top of a building (Chicago, New York) or put it safely out of sight out of town (Sacramento).

Here, it could have gone out of view on Mt. San Bruno (where KRON, KTVU, many radio stations are) if the other stations had gotten behind KRON/Chron in its long and bitter battle to keep the tower on San Bruno and off Sutro. The Sutro site was owned by ABC/KGO since 1948 and then Station Manager Dave Sachs made it a holy crusade to put the tower there. Sachs won.

KRON/Chron lost, but its corporate and family law firm, Cooper, White and Cooper, ended up with the legal work for the four station ownership combine.

KRON/CHRON argued that, except for ABC/KGO opposition, the tall tower could have been situated on Mt. Bruno in a field of towers or in an appropriate industrial park at a height of 2,049 feet. Such grouping would have brought the superior service, which all broadcasters want, to this area but without desecrating a residential area and compromising the esthetic character of a beautiful city.

Will the tower be as massive and overpowering as the KRON renderings show? Were there good alternatives? What do the KGO/Sutro pictures show?

I spent weeks pursuing broadcast officials in a vain search for pictures and answers to these questions. Nobody from KGO,

KPIX, KTVU or KRON knew much ("I don't know where Sutro is," said the KRON's Ed Tabor, just in from Las Vegas. "I don't know where Twin Peaks is.") or would say much at this time. Said controller Henry Saroyan of STI, "This is a matter for public relations. You must call our attorneys, Mr. Ed Wynne of Cooper, White and Cooper."

I called Wynne and he invited me to the firm's Wells Fargo building suite for an interview. "I tried to call you," he said when I got there. "In thinking it over, we are just attorneys for Sutro Tower and are not authorized to grant an interview. You must speak to Clifford Kirtland, jr., in Atlanta."

"May I ask just one question," I asked. "No," he said and hustled into his office. I tried unsuccessfully to reach Kirtland of Cox Broadcasting, owner of Channel 2 and chairman of STI.

And that's where I ended up with the media's high rise disaster of the year in SF: Atlanta, Ga., a monopoly newspaper (Cox), a huge media conglomerate (Cox) and the executive on top of the corporate pyramid who is unavailable for comment.

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View of proposed new ABC tower From the intersection of Panorama Drive and Starview Way

This tower is "to stop making that hill look like a bunch of grapevines." Dave Sachs, former KGO station manager.



View of existing ABC tower From the intersection of Panorama Drive and Starview Way

"This will be better looking than the Eiffel Tower." Harry Jacobs, engineer in charge of Sutro construction.

WHERE IS

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Stores were surveyed by the Guardian summer project:

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Robert Murphy
Johanna Neuman
R.D. Peterson
Rose Marie Turko

A Guardian grocery price survey, taken shortly before the price freeze, has found that you can save up to 23% on your grocery bill if you shop at a supermarket with discount pricing.

We priced 31 staple items in two separate checks, a week apart, at 22 stores (8 chains, 3 independents) in San Francisco, Oakland, San Rafael and Corte Madera. Then we put together a market basket for a week's groceries for a family of four—including eight quarts of milk, three loaves of bread, etc., but no meat or produce because of fluctuations in price and quality (See Market Basket List).

Here are our major findings:

Safeway, Lucky and Coop stores with discount pricing were significantly lower-priced than other chain stores.

Small stores were highest priced, even when part of a franchise chain like suburban 7/11 stores.

Chains we surveyed did not charge higher prices at their black and Spanish area outlets. For example, a Safeway store in a predominantly black area of East Oakland was less expensive than Safeways in San Francisco's Richmond and North Beach area, in Berkeley and San Rafael. A Mayfair store in San Francisco's Mission District was somewhat less expensive than Mayfairs in Akron

Shopping Center, SE, and San Rafael.

No price changes were found on weekends when welfare checks were scheduled to arrive, although this had been rumored. In general, prices changed for relatively few items during the course of the survey.

Although prices did not differ greatly among stores in the same chain, services did. Check-cashing privileges varied from store to store. Some stores carried more brand names than others. Some stores were bigger, cleaner or more convenient than others in the same chain.

Twenty-four hour service did not mean highest prices. Mayfair and Cala stores, open 24-hours a day, were higher-priced than some chain stores, but lower than others.

Berkeley Coop stores offered more customer services (kiddie corrals, home economists, etc.) than other stores we surveyed. Yet their prices were among the

A Guardian survey — Comparison shopping in 22 Bay Area supermarkets

Project director: Merry Blodgett

lowest, E & E Market, an independent, had many services (phone orders, charges), but its prices were among the highest.

MARKET BASKET LIST

We have used this market basket list of 31 commonly used items (based upon shopping for a family of four) to compare costs of shopping in the 22 stores we surveyed. We calculated the cost of purchasing all items on this list at each of the stores; totals are found in Chart II.

When a store did not carry a given name-brand product, the lowest price for that item (as found in the survey) was substituted, to arrive at that store's

market basket total (Chart II).

Milk, 8 qts.
Eggs (large AA), 2 doz.
*Margarine (Imperial), 1 lb.
American cheese (Kraft), 12 oz. pkg.
*Bacon (Oscar Meyer), 1 lb.
*Hot dogs (Oscar Meyer), 1 lb.
*Flour (Gold Medal), 5 lb. bag
Sugar (C & H), 5 lb. bag
*Salt (Leslie), 20 oz. box
Corn flakes (Kellogg's) 2-12 oz. boxes
*White bread (Kilpatrick), 3-24 oz. loaves
Cookies (Oreo), 2-15 oz. boxes
Brown rice (MJB Quick), 20 oz. box
Pinto beans, 1 lb
Tide, 49 oz. box
Kleenex, 200 sheet box
Coffee (Maxwell House), 1 lb. can
*Ketchup (Heinz), 14 oz. bottle

*Tuna, lt. chunk (Chicken of the Sea), 2-6 1/2 oz. cans
Baby fruit (Gerber), 12 4% oz. jars
Raisins (Sun Maid), 15 oz. box
*Peanut butter (Sippy), 12 oz. jar
Tomato paste (Contadina), 6 oz.
Chicken-noodle soup (Campbell), 3 cans
*Cut green beans (Del Monte), 2-17 oz. cans
*Fruit cocktail (Del Monte), 2-17 oz. cans
Ravioli (Chef Boy-Ar-Dee), 2-15 oz. cans
Brownie mix (Betty Crocker), 22 1/2 oz. box
Turkey TV dinner (Swanson), 3-three-course dinners
*Frozen orange juice (Minute Maid), 6-6oz. cans
Cabbage, 2 lbs.

*House brand also surveyed

CHART I ITEM PRICES

This chart shows prices for 8 of the 31 items in the Market Basket List and shows the spread of prices of items in the stores. We surveyed several stores in each chain, but our chart shows one store per chain, since item prices did not vary much within a chain.

Lucky and Safeway stores show the lowest prices for each item in the chart, excepting a few items, such as eggs. The independent

stores (Super Save) and the 7/11 store show the highest prices for each item, with few exceptions. Other stores are high-priced for some items and low-priced for others.

Cala Foods has eggs at 36 cents per dozen, Bell Market at 37 cents per dozen, Safeway at 40 cents per dozen. Yet, Cala and Bell stores are high-priced and Safeway lowest-priced in the overall market basket survey (Chart II).

	Safeway Richmond Dist, SF	Lucky West- ern Addi- tion, SF	Coop Berke- ley	Mayfair Akron	Park & Shop Sunset	QFI Stones- town	Cala Nob Hill	Bells Noe Valley	Inde- pendent SuperSave HuntersPt.	7/11 San Rafael
Eggs, Grade AA, 1 dozen	.40 ^a	.40 ^a	.40 ^a	.46 ^a	.39 ^a	.39 ^p	.36 ^a	.37	.45	.52.5
Margarine, Imperial, 1 lb.	.41	.41	.45	.45	.45	.45	.45	.55 ^a	.55	--
Margarine, house brand	.20	.21	.21	.23	.25	.25	.22	.27	.31	--
Bread, Kilpatrick, 24 oz.	.41 ^a	.39	.39	.43	.41 ^a	.43	.43	.43	.43	.43
Bread, house brand	.37	.34	--	.35	.35	--	.35 ^p	--	--	---
Pinto beans	.17	.21	.22	.21 ^a	.23	.23	.30	.23	.31	.25
Tuna, Chicken of the Sea, 6 1/2 oz.	.42	.44	.44	.45	.45	.45.5 ^p	.45	.45	.49	.55
Tuna, house brand,	.40	.39	.42	.42	.43	.41	.40	.43	.47	---
Cut green beans, 16 oz. Del Monte	.23	.21.5 ^a	.24	.29	.27	.24	.29	.30	.37	.35
Cut green beans, house brand	.18.5 ^a	.17	.19.5 ^a	.18.5 ^a	.26 ^p	.17	.21	--	.27.5	--
Ravioli, Chef Boy-Ar-Dee, 16 oz.	.38	.38	.40	.43	.40	.39	.41	--	.45	.45
Frozen orange juice, Minute Maid, 6 oz.	.27	.29	.29	.28.5 ^a	.29 ^p	.25	.32	.30	.25	.35
Frozen orange juice, house brand	.20	.21	.21	.21.5 ^a	.23	.18	.22	.19.5 ^a	.23	--

a. Average of two checks at different times

p. Proportioned price - when size of an item didn't match standard size, nearest available size was prorated

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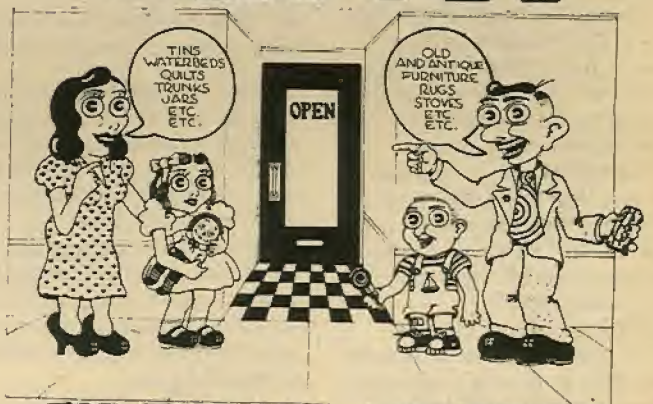
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Equality on the job —
It's more than the right to exploit equally

By Dick Meister

IT SOUNDED like a great new blow for equality: a court ruling that a woman looking for a job in California would have to be judged solely on her individual ability to hold a job.

The ruling, handed down this June by the U.S. Court of Appeals in San Francisco, held that an employer could no longer reject a woman job applicant merely by saying that women generally would be too weak or otherwise unable to perform the job.

For the court said the State could no longer enforce those regulations in the California Labor Code which had been the main legal justification for keeping women from certain jobs simply because they were women.

The regulations, applicable only to women and hence in violation of the Federal Civil Rights Act, limited the hours a woman could be required to work and the amount of weight she could be required to lift.

So, though the court decision was indeed a blow for equality, it turned out to be a blow from the wrong direction, and one that could do serious harm. For it brought equality to women workers by subjecting them to the same exploitation as faces male workers.

The State Attorney General's office thinks it was wrong, at any rate, and so do the State AFL-CIO and several women's liberation groups.

In their view, equality should have been reached, not by striking down the protective work regulations which apply to women, but by extending the regulations to men.

The decision doing it the other way "was a terrible setback," asserts Anne Draper, a leader of the newly-formed Union Women's Alliance to Gain Equality (WAGE).

THE REGULATIONS had limited the workday of women generally to eight to ten hours and held that they could not be required to lift more than 50 pounds at a time.

So now, notes Mrs. Draper, thousands of women in California face loss of jobs if they are unwilling or unable to work overtime hours demanded by their employers, or unwilling or unable to lift heavy weights. Mrs. Draper is particularly concerned with the 100,000 women who work on the state's farms.

There are, of course, individual women who may benefit in the limited sense that they will get jobs that had been denied them purely on the basis of the State regulations—but only if they are willing and able to work extra hours or lift heavier weights.

Ironically, however, one of the beneficiaries will not be the woman whose legal complaint led to the decision that wiped

out the protective legislation.

That's Leah Rosenfeld, who went to court in 1966 after Southern Pacific Railroad refused to hire her as a freight agent-telegrapher in its station at Thermal in Riverside County.

The job would have required Mrs. Rosenfeld to work up to 12 hours a day and handle mail sacks weighing up to 80 pounds. Mrs. Rosenfeld argued that she worked long hours and handled 100-pound feed sacks on a little farm which she owned, but SP said that didn't matter, because the state regulations said she could not do the lesser amount of work required on the railroad job.

BUT EVEN now, Mrs. Rosenfeld cannot have the job which the court finally said she could fill. The position was abolished in 1968.

The Rosenfeld decision was the most important yet in a drive by the federal government to overturn the protective laws for women workers which are in force in most states, since it was the first Federal court ruling to strike down any of the state laws, and is expected to set a national precedent.

The federal drive stems from the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which federal officials see as mandating repeal of the state protective laws, because of its prohibition of discrimination on the basis of sex as well as on the basis of race.

The men who first enacted the state laws at the turn of the century saw them, in their Victorian view, as being protective to women, and when the first of them were passed in California in 1913, they were hailed as a great progressive step forward by the liberal politicians of the time.

But the times obviously have changed. To the legislators of today, the laws are not protective; they are discriminatory. They do not protect women from having to do things they cannot or should not do. Rather, in this new view, they keep women from doing what they might want to do, by not granting them equality with men on the job.

IN CALIFORNIA, at least, the men who originally pushed through the protective laws felt, like today's opponents of repeal, that the laws also should cover men.

Political considerations forced them to compromise, however, and accept the limited coverage. And they got that only by

appealing to the Victorian idea that society must protect its weak women, and force its men to fend for themselves under the banners of free enterprise and survival of the fittest.

Now, under the recent court decision, women also must fend for themselves free of most special protections.

This does not necessarily even make the women equal, however, for most of the women lack the organizational strength that most of California's working men have used in their efforts. There are 2.5 million women workers in California, yet no more than one in five is a union member.

The court decision did not wipe out all of the women's legal protections. They still are covered by a state minimum wage law, for instance, and by such other regulations as those requiring them to get rest periods during the working day.

But those protections are sparse, and timidly enforced. The most important of these, the minimum wage, promises them only \$1.65 an hour for their work, or \$3,300 a year at most for the many women who work at the minimum because they lack a union to help push them higher.

WHAT'S WORSE, the court ruling could very well lead to invalidating even these heavier protections.

Mrs. Draper's organization, WAGE, and the State AFL-CIO have been leading a fight to reverse the trend, mainly in the State Legislature and before the State's Industrial Welfare Commission, which promulgates and enforces the specific regulations covering working women and minors.

They are pushing legislation that would put men in the Welfare Commission's jurisdiction, while at the same time attempting to get the commission to greatly liberalize its regulations.

They wonder, for example, why the legal workday could not be trimmed to a maximum of seven hours through the Welfare Commission, not only to ease life for working men and women, but also to open jobs to others in this time of heavy unemployment.

That, surely, is the kind of equality we need. We do not need the kind which says only that we have the right to be exploited equally.

(Next issue: an answer from NOW.)

Chart II
Where you pay more

	Total (31 items) name brands	Total (31 items) house brands	Savings with house brands	Less stamps or rebates
SAFEWAY STORES				
East Oakland, 14th Ave. & E. 16th St.	22.40	20.82	(1.58)	
Richmond Dist., S.F. 735-7th Ave. ¹	23.23	21.86	(1.37)	
North Beach, S.F. Taylor & Chestnut	23.40	21.71	(1.69)	
LUCKY STORES				
Berkeley, Shattuck & Vine	23.06	21.14	(1.92)	
West. Addition, S.F. Eddy & Laguna	23.16	21.42	(1.74)	
COOPS				
Corte Madera, 71 Tamal Vista	23.37	21.89	(1.48)	22.92
Berkeley, Shattuck & Cedar	23.71	22.13	(1.58)	23.53
Hunters Pt., S.F. 6190-3rd St. ²	25.39	23.85	(1.54)	25.01
PARK & SHOP				
Sunset Dist., S.F. 1200 Irving	24.57	22.46	(2.11)	24.19
QUALITY FOODS, (QFI)				
Stonestown Shopping Mall, S.F.	23.99	22.82	(1.17)	
CALA FOODS				
Nob Hill, S.F., Hyde & California	25.09	22.81	(2.28)	
BELL MARKETS				
Noe Valley Dist., S.F. 2950-24th St. ³	25.35	23.76	(1.59)	24.97
MAYFAIR MARKETS				
Mission Dist., S.F. 6967 Mission	24.62	22.48	(2.14)	24.24
Akron Center, S.F. 2490 Mason	25.11	23.34	(1.77)	24.47
San Rafael, Francisco Blvd.	24.74	22.99	(1.75)	24.36
7/11 MARKET				
San Rafael, 703 B St.	26.83 ⁴			
INDEPENDENT MARKETS				
E&E Market, Nob Hill, S.F., Powell & Pine	26.56	24.99	(1.57)	
U-Save Center, Berkeley, Grove & University	26.55	25.12	(1.43)	25.90
Hunters Pt., S.F. 3rd & Paul	27.61	26.43	(1.18)	27.28

This chart compares market basket totals for 22 stores (representing eight chains and three independents), with 31 name brand products only, then with house brands substituted for 12 items (Market Basket List), then subtracting discounts for stamps and rebates.

We found differences as great as \$2.95 or 13% between the highest priced chain store (Bell Market) and the lowest (Safeway, East Oakland). The highest independent store (Super Save) was \$5.21 or 23% higher than the lowest priced Safeway.

We found you can save up to \$2.28 at Cala Foods on a \$25.35 market basket if you buy house brands instead of name brand products. The lowest savings for house brands were at Quality Foods Inc., where \$1.17 was saved on a \$23.99 basket, and at independent Super Save, where \$1.18 was saved on a \$27.61 basket.

We priced only the least expensive grade of house brand carried by each store, but there may be differences in quality from store to store. In addition, shoppers may prefer the quality of some brand products to some house brands.

No store giving trading stamps was able to match the market basket price of the "discount priced" food stores. (Blue Chip stamps were valued at 1 1/2%, S&H Green Stamps 2 1/2% and Black and Brown stamps at 1.2% redeemable in merchandise at redemption centers.)

The price of a market basket at Park and Shop, for example, is reduced from \$24.57 to \$24.19 by deducting the value of the Blue Chip Stamps they give. That price is still \$1.79 higher than the lowest priced Safeway.


Berkeley Coop rebates are in cash, and at 3/4% at the 1971 rate, bring Coop prices within 13 cents of Safeway prices. This rebate come once a year to members with \$5 Coop shares.

1. Safeway in San Rafael on "B" St., and in Berkeley on Adeline St. were within \$.07 of this total.
2. Hunters Point Neighborhood Coop changed to discount pricing on August 31, with prices tied to Berkeley Coop prices.
3. Bell Market in the Bayview District, San Francisco (1390 Silver Ave.) is within \$.03 of this total.
4. 7/11 Market did not carry 10 items of the 31 in the Market Basket. Lowest prices in the survey were substituted for the missing 10. Hence, this price is probably low.

John Velasquez

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The PR people say it will be 'development with open space' in Half Moon Bay

But can you be sure if it's Westinghouse?

By Elizabeth Fishel

Half Moon Bay—"This is the hottest piece of property in California, and we got some beauties," the salesman from Westinghouse/Deane and Deane tells us in a confidential tone.

He runs his fingers across a huge wall map splattered with the company's vast holdings up and down the coast in San Mateo County, from Devil's Slide to Miramonte Point. "You watch it for five years," he says, pointing out Deane's lots for sale in the hills behind El Granada. "It's a doggone good buy."

We were two reporters working for the Guardian, but we posed as a young couple about to be married, cashing in on daddy's generosity. "Let's start banging out," the salesman says, hustling us along the dirt roads that wind through the hills which the Deane father and son development team, with Westinghouse Electric Corporation capital, bought up in great chunks two years ago from Henry Doelger of Westlake fame.

We check out the first two lots—\$4,800—and mutter we've heard there has been some trouble with sewage hook-up permits. Is he sure we shouldn't be worried?

"The company is putting money into sewage processing," he reassures us. "Everyone knows sewage has got to come. It's inevitable." He pulls out deeds of lots he's just sold—one to Lloyd Cardoni, a local restaurateur, and another two lots to a town plumber, who "ought to know about the sewage, if anyone does."

We then scan the lots higher

in the hills—the "good view" lots, \$6,500 to \$8,000 a peek. What would our view be like in a few years when the neighboring lots are sold, and houses hem us in? "A view is like a new car," he replies. "At first you won't let anyone else touch it, but after 30 days, you're tired of it."

THERE ARE few questions, it turns out, that our salesman can't handle. What will the schools be like? "Schools are the same anywhere—San Francisco, here, what difference does it make."

Any idea of the taxes on this property? "There's two things we'll always have, honey—death and taxes."

Is there any reason to believe criticisms of Deane and Deane by local environmentalists? "How could those ecological experts, really care what happens? Those ecologists don't have either the money or time invested here."

You can be sure Westinghouse/Deane & Deane has the time, the money and lots of big plans for 8,000 acres of choice hillside and oceanfront property South of Westlake.

For months, their pitch was hardline, population boom and big residential development:

Today, Half Moon Bay (population: 10,300). Tomorrow, the biggest city in San Mateo County (population: 150,000, according to a D'Arcy promotional brochure) with luxury housing tracts, a private golf course compound, a quaint fishing village, helicopter service between San Francisco and the airport.

This big-city-by-the-sea ran headlong into the rising tide of

conservation. San Mateo conservationists pointed to the Peninsula's company town developments (Foster City, Redwood Shores and the coming Crocker Land Co. on nearby San Bruno Mountain) and the disappearing open spaces in the North County.

The result: W/D&D had to shelve this plan, and temper its optimism. The combine fired D'Arcy, hired a new public relations firm (Lewis & Associates in San Francisco) and came up with a new image and a change of concepts: massive development became "development with open space," as the men at the promotional briefings put it, and population boom became "restoration of a turn-of-the-century California coastal town," as the Lewis & Associates press release put it.

The new strategy was to get the townsfolk behind the combine—a bit of participatory democracy (a Main Street beautification campaign, tree planting expeditions, a historical plaque committee), lots of shirtsleeve informality (a chatty column in the Half Moon Bay Review, a couple of W/D&D offices on Main Street), a generous business offer (a \$1 million payment toward new sewage facilities) and a few outright gifts (\$2,000 for a new swimming pool, \$5,000 for an ambulance service).

A Lewis & Associates press release (contact: Terry Pimsleur in SF: Dick Lewis is LA) on the Main Street beautification caught the tone. "What may be a trend-setting event will take place May 15 and 16 when a major land developer and community join hands to start the restoration of a turn-of-the-century California coastal town."

"The joint action shows what can be achieved when a company concerned with the ecological impact of development on the environment works with the local citizens."

(Incidental note on the release: W/D&D had contributed the cost of design and co-ordinating for the "restoration and beautification of Half Moon Bay." It didn't say that Westinghouse also contributed a camera crew and reporter to cover the event for KPIX, Westinghouse television subsidiary.)

Joint action, it turned out, was a bit enthusiastic. The chairman of the Main Street Committee was Robert Hardesty, who lives over the mountains in Atherton, but is on the W/D&D payroll as the vice president of

marketing and production.

Many of the original nine members of the steering committee, appointed by the Half Moon Bay Council to quarterback the mission, soon lost interest or quit in disgust. "The Deanes gave us the idea and put up some money, but they wanted us to do all the work," one member explained later. "I felt they were using us and it made me mad." Other citizens dropped out when they realized who wielded the hand behind the brush.

As it turned out, about 70 per cent of the volunteer teams were high school and college students. In a Lewis & Associates release, Hardesty said he was pleased that the Paint-In closed the generation gap.

Months later, Terry Pimsleur told me, "Someday, the very kids who were painting Main Street might marry and move into the development."

Ed Bauer, editor of the Half Moon Bay Review, is less sentimental. "If Deane and Deane weren't here," he confided amiably to me, "we'd probably have 50 or 60 underfinanced, dingbat developers who were about to fold, like they did in San Jose."

About two months ago, a new column surfaced in the back of Bauer's newspaper. Bill Deane, forehead curl and sideburns cut just so, was shown in a half-column cut above this introductory note:

"Because of Deane and Deane's impact on the Coastside, it was felt that a Question and Answer Column covering the company's plans is of community wide interest." Then, the Q and A: without identification of the questioners:

Q: Why is it so hard to get information from people in your company? Some of us feel we get a runaround when we ask questions.

A: I am really sorry about that. The undertaking is so big that no one individual can be aware of all the details.

It was a "paid advertisement," without the words appearing beneath the copy in usual newspaper style, but this didn't become clear until a counter column appeared a couple of weeks later.

It was titled "For the Birds," the byline was "Hill Clean" and the identification at the bottom was the Save Our Shoreline Committee, a local conservation group.

First question: "What are you doing on the coastside?"

A: Dad and I have always liked water. One day, dad said, "Let's do something nice for the Coastside. So we did. We bought it."

Q: Is the development of the Coastside inevitable?

A: We've been telling everybody it is. That way we can sell our ideas. But, just between you and me, it will probably cost the Coastside more in taxes and services than it would to just buy the land and leave it fallow.

THIS-COSTS more-to-build-than-leave-it-fallow argument undercuts the tax base contentions of W/D&D.

An analysis of the economics of the W/D&D development shows that the costs of services to local government (sewers, schools, police and fire, etc.) would exceed the tax revenue generated by the development.

The analysis was done by David Paul, a Stanford law student, and in general paralleled the economic findings of the Livingston & Blayney report to the effect that the development of the Palo Alto foothills would be prohibitively expensive for the city. Paul's findings: Half Moon Bay would get tax income of \$65,000 the first year, but would lose thereafter: \$50,000 in five years, \$400,000 after 10.

The biggest test for the W/D&D strategy was to get sewage treatment facilities big enough for their development. To this end, they offered to put up \$1 million to get a big batch of the first sewer permits.

The SOS group opposed this move vociferously. During the battle, a group called Coastside Against Pollution mysteriously bobbed up and proceeded to pick up the W/D&D line and push for a joint powers agreement that would more than triple the capacity of the present sewage treatment plant.

The crucial loophole: the agreement failed to specify whether the capacity of the enlarged facilities would be for treated or raw sewage: a difference between the capacity to handle 20,000 to 25,000 people (treated sewage) and 60,000 to 75,000 (raw sewage).

Obviously, W/D&D and CAP are pushing hard for the 75,000 and they have a lot of "joint action" going for them. Most of the CAP group represent the town's businessmen who feel they would profit from development. Eight of the 13 on the CAP steering committee are members of the Half Moon Bay Chamber of Commerce, which supports W/D&D.

CAP members include Lloyd Cardoni, a restaurateur who has bought a Deane & Deane lot; Frank Torres, who owns a restaurant adjacent to Deane & Deane property designated for a golf course/resort compound; William Everitt, whose name has appeared on all CAP releases, but is now living in Denver.

Meanwhile, up in Sacramento, there's some more "joint action" on Coastal bill SB1354 that would allow virtually uncontrolled coastal development.

Sen. James W. Wedworth of Los Angeles introduced the legislation, but it was written by W/D&D, backed by the Half Moon Bay Chamber of Commerce, approved unanimously by the Half Moon Bay council and pushed intensely in Sacramento by W/D&D lobbyists and other real estate interests.

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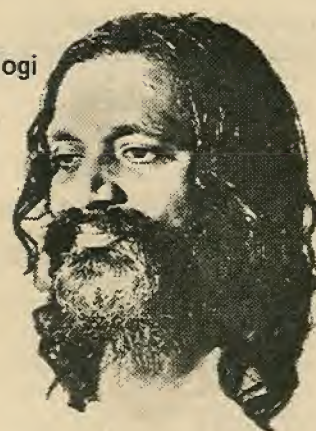
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Transcendental meditation is a natural spontaneous technique which allows each individual to expand his mind and improve his life.



The typical waste discharger in the San Francisco Region is not on file with the Board. Of over one thousand waste dischargers in the Region, fewer than 350 have obeyed the law to file a report of their pollution. It is important not to lose sight of this majority.

Although the Board may be correct in asserting that the 350 on file are the major polluters, no routine sampling is done to confirm this or to check that the 650 outlaws are not harming the water.

Indeed, the very purpose of requiring reports from all dischargers is to get a complete picture from which to select the "major" polluters. The Board offered us the Union Oil Company's refinery at Rodeo, subject to their pollution limits and a "typical discharger—not too good, not too bad."

Union's pollution limits were set by the Board in 1968. They are a major piece of technical work. The San Francisco Board, we have heard, gives more detailed waste discharge requirements than any other Board. The technical details seemed well-done—characteristics of the waste flows were required to be given as an average value, an index of how much variation takes place, and a maximum figure. Uneven flows were to be sampled so as to get a true picture of the amounts of pollution.

DESPITE ITS technical thoroughness, the Board cannot be relied upon to sound an alarm at the first appearance of illegal and dangerous pollution. This summer mercury residues were found in fish caught in the Delta area. Presumably there is a mercury danger in Delta. Mercury lodges in the human brain and destroys cells there, perhaps in any quantity. We asked the San Francisco Board about mercury in the water. They knew of none, and were doing nothing.

Union Oil, for example, might discharge chromium, copper, lead, or zinc for three months before even its own monitoring would detect it (these elements are required by the board to be checked quarterly).

The Board also has a general policy for Bay waters, so it sets pollution limits for both the waters near the Union refinery and for the actual wastes coming out of its pipes.

A SERIOUS present trouble-spot is in the Bay water standards which Union Oil must protect. What the Board calls a "dilution zone" is the amount of space in the water the Board gives a discharger to dilute his pollution before it is measured and compared with Bay standards. There is necessarily a zone around the pipe where Bay standards are not going to be met. The extent of that zone is of great importance, it measures the amount of the public's water which is to be given over to Union Oil Company to pollute freely. Union Oil's re-

The pollution of the Bay Area Water Control Board

By the Ralph Nader Task Force

finery has in effect been given a license by the Regional Board to add turbidity and color to the water anywhere within 100 feet of each of two pipes; to create deposits on the bottom of the Bay anywhere within 100 feet of each of two pipes; to create growths of algae sufficient to look or smell bad anywhere within 100 feet of each of two pipes.

Along with its pollution limits, the Union refinery was given a self-monitoring program to follow, requiring periodic samples of water to be taken and the results sent to the Board every three months. The bacterial content of one waste flow was to be checked twice per week. Typical sampling frequencies were weekly and quarterly. Some parameters were monitored as infrequently as twice per year. Every discharger must sign its reports under penalty of perjury, although we suspect (as probably do polluters) that prosecution would not be quickly undertaken.

THE UNION refinery's reports look complete—and unbelievable. The refinery is a chronic polluter. Since January 1970, Union has violated the bacterial standard at least sixteen times, by its own admission! The refinery was guilty of overloading the water with toxic materials in three-fourths of the samples taken from January through March. (Union's toxicity was tested by killing test fish with the wastes from its pipes.

Union Oil, this "typical" discharger, reported letting oil get out with its wastes in four of ten samples during January and February. An effect of this oil spill was the spotting by Union's sampler of an "iridescent film" twice in January, once 100-200 feet in radius, and the other time a mammoth quarter-mile-wide slick on the waters of the Bay. Outside the limits of the refinery's 100-foot permissible pollution zone, it polluted with caustic materials in January. The San Francisco Regional Board considered this to be a "middling" performance by a typical discharger, and did nothing.

In 1969, Union Oil won the fourth place polluter's medal for being fourth among the top twelve on the list of about eighty violators. Union's record over the whole year 1969

was astounding. From March through September, the refinery violated its toxicity, odor, acidity, dissolved oxygen, suspended matter, and land disposal requirements. It was legal only with respect to its chromium, grease, settleable matter and dissolved sulfide and undissociated hydrogen sulfide requirements. Six requirements were not conclusively checked at all.

NOT UNTIL early 1970 were Union's illegal pollution activities brought to the Board, and then only because Union was among the twelve most illegal. Union responded with a flurry of items which we saw in its files. (A Union representative called the Board on February 3, saying that the company was "disturbed" about the press coverage from the previous Board meeting (they were evidently not disturbed about the damage they had done to the water, or the fact they were chronic lawbreakers.) They were quite surprised to be number four on the list because they "felt they had been violating only a very few requirements.")

Union launched an attack on two fronts. First, they sent technical people in to "discuss the calculation of position on the priority list," to scrutinize the reports of violations in detail and make arguments about such questions as how many observations constitute a violation.

Second, they arranged a meeting with the executive officer of the Regional Board to "meet our new refinery manager," and sent many letters to improve communications with the Board's staff. As a result of this two-pronged attack and the technical meetings to iron out

Union's proper place on the list, the staff issued a memo saying that re-evaluation indicated that the requirements on particulate matter, turbidity, discoloration, and algal growth, all previously noted as violations, should have been shown as "not checked".

The entries in Union's self-monitoring report had been "vague" and did not support a determination that the requirements had been met or not met. The staff concluded that, by not counting these vague reports as violations, Union would be dropped from number four on the list to number twenty-one.

The Board, in effect, concurred, and Union Oil was no longer in the "dirtiest dozen", the top twelve polluters scheduled to be singled out for punishment. By pointing out that their own reports had been too vague to be reliable, Union was off the hook; one more job of refining well done.

The same staff report to the Board reported re-evaluations in the standings of the other two oil companies which had appeared in the dirtiest dozen, moving them down to more comfortable and anonymous positions with the "run-of-the-mill" polluters. Union Oil moved from No. 4 to No. 21; Shell Oil from No. 8 to No. 16; Standard Oil from No. 12 to No. 33.

The Board's staff told us that the oil companies have strong technical staffs which came into play in response to the adverse publicity the companies received from their water pollution. If the municipalities who comprised most of the other twelve dirtiest had been as sensitive to public opinion and as well staffed as the oil companies, they might have gotten them-

selves off the list too, according to one knowledgeable staff member.

Union's near-brush with the Board in early 1970, it must be remembered, was the result of a full year of unlawful dumping of wastes of an extent quite remarkable. No action has been taken against Union's refinery for its chronic pollution.

The only major goal now for polluters is not to stop this polluting, but only to stay out of the top of the list. The thought that it might be penalized, even with a cease-and-desist order without sanction, for violating the limits is abhorrent to the corporate polluter, and the Board tends to agree.

Union's plea to the Board to be taken off the top of the list is corporate criminality in its hardened form: "we have been violating only a very few requirements." Violation is assumed. The thief righteously tells the policeman to go chase bigger thieves.

The San Francisco Regional Board itself displays the sort of conflicts of interest to be expected from the Porter-Cologne Act. The industrial representative is a public relations man with PG&E. A fellow board member notes that "PG&E is involved with almost every discharger."

One public member is a real estate developer. Two local governmental officials are on the Board and a Board member claims they are susceptible to local pressures from their industry constituents. The wildlife and recreation representatives on the Board, James McCormick, told us how the Board deliberates:

"The most important thing we have to do is to be reasonable, economically feasible. All the representatives can come to a reasonable solution to a problem usually. We each argue the matter from the standpoints of the groups we represent, but then when it is time to vote we all take off those hats and put on the hat of the people. The dischargers are always wanting to take us out to lunch. . . a lot of the other members accept the invitations. There is a lot of conflict of interest pressure on individuals, but usually they can resist it."



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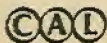


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LITTLE JOHN'S
2399 TELEGRAPH - AT CHANNING WAY

It's a bull market for pro-highrise studies

By Greggar Sletteland

Scene: Board Room of the Press Club, 9 a.m. Aug. 26, girls scurrying about with coffee and doughnuts, anonymous men in neat suits (certainly not reporters) hovering in the corners, "the best turn-out for a P.R. press conference in a long time," according to KQED's Scott Blakey.

It's the day for the Chamber of Commerce to wheel out its secret weapon in the war against Duskin's height limit proposal—a group called "Citizens for San Francisco."

Municipal Judge Joseph Kennedy and architect Beverly Willis, group co-chairmen, step before the lights and read a scathing attack against Duskin.

Asked to disclose sources of the group's financial support, Judge Kennedy and Miss Willis take turns earnestly assuring the press that "Citizens for San Francisco" is an "independent" citizen's group born out of civic concern in the hearts of Judge Kennedy and Miss Willis.

"Are you being financed by the Chamber?" persists reporter Andy Gollan of the Progress.

"We expect support from neighborhood people," Kennedy says hopefully. But, he adds, "We're not concerned where the dollars come from."

Fifteen minutes after the conference ends, I stand at the entrance to the Chamber's offices at 400 Montgomery St. and watch several familiar faces troop in from the press conference. The receptionist identifies three: Gwen Mishizawa, Chamber secretary for public affairs. John Greenagel, Chamber P.R. Director; and E. Keith Thompson, identified in the Aug. 28, 1971 edition of the Daily Pacific Builder as "the man who heads up the Chamber of Commerce campaign against the height limit proposal." He's an assistant to the executive vice president of Bechtel Corporation, the world's largest construction firm.

CUT TO the Chamber of Commerce Board Room, six days later, another press conference. Same large press turnout. Also: Mishizawa, Greenagel, Thompson and other familiar faces from the "Citizens" press conference.

Lights, center table, Chamber spokesman Arch Monson launches an impassioned tirade against the Duskin petition ("Yes, I would say Mr. Duskin intentionally distorts the facts!") and introduces the stars of the occasion, the Chamber's "expert consultants" on highrise questions, Dr. Claude Gruen of Gruen Gruen & Associates and Dr. Gerald McCue of McCue Boone Tomsick.

The paid consultants ("\$25,000, \$27,000, right in that neighborhood," Monson tells reporters) announce the results of their studies, commissioned in late April and rushed to completion by mid-August.

"The reports demonstrate conclusively," as the press release puts it, "that a mandatory six-story height limitation... would do serious harm to the economic and environmental well-being of San Francisco." (See Box.)

FLASHBACK. IT'S late April, 1971, and downtown interests are in a state of agitated confusion induced by the Duskin petition. The petition says highrises cost the city more than they produce in revenues. For years the Chamber's been

propagating dogma that high-rise buildings are the next best thing to municipal money trees. Now they're embarrassed to discover, in the face of Duskin's challenge, that they have no hard evidence.

So the Chamber creates a bull market for pro-highrise studies. It announces establishment of a \$100,000 war-chest. The first commissions go to Gruen, a research consultant known for his waterfront/port studies, and to McCue, an eminent architect of, among other things, highrise buildings.

At the same time, the Chamber is creating and funding "Citizens for San Francisco."

Return to the present. The "Citizens" press release lists a man named E. Hornsby Wasson as "Finance Director." A telephone call finds Mr. Wasson "in conference," but his secretary, Mrs. Martinelli, obliges with information about Mr. Wasson. He's a former chairman of the board of PT&T, currently chairman of the board of Stanford Research Institute and director for PT&T and Standard Oil.

"He's been working on 'Citizens for San Francisco' since March," says Mrs. Martinelli. "But you should talk with John Greenagel at the Chamber of Commerce. He's the one Mr. Wasson's been working with all along."

Two other tidbits: Mr. Wasson is a member of the Chamber. He lives in Hillsborough.

A VISIT to the offices of "Citizens for San Francisco" turns up no new information, but it does yield a copy of a leaflet called "Alvin Duskin Says," containing Beverly Willis's answers, abridged from her study, to assertions made by Duskin's height limit petition.

A call to Duskin. He says that Bill Dauer, Chamber executive vice president, has boasted to him that the Chamber has printed 200,000 copies of the leaflet. "Citizens for San Francisco" is printed on the back. No mention of the Chamber.

A call to the Chamber. Gwen Mishizawa kindly explains that Mr. Wasson's job for the "Citizens" is to round up money from "corporations and businesses" (no more malarkey about "neighborhood people").

But beyond that, Miss Mishizawa says, she doesn't really know anything about "Citizens" because she's been with the Chamber only six weeks "and it was all set up long before that."

There the trail stops. Other Chamber and "Citizens" members won't say just how much of that \$100,000 war-chest is going to the "Citizens." Dauer, Greenagel, Willis and Kennedy take evasive action or clam up.

Meanwhile, the Guardian has a suggestion. If you need some money and can turn out a passable sentence condemning the Duskin proposal, give the Chamber a call.

ONE, TWO, THREE FOR THE CHAMBER

No. 1) THE WILLIS REPORT No bargain here for the Chamber. In fact, a pathetic & amateurish embarrassment, full of gaffes, typos, arithmetical errors, marvelously opaque reasoning. In the core of the report, its section on taxes, we learn that city utilities contributed a "profit" of \$100 million to the city's budget in fiscal 1970. If it were only so! Actually, the utilities contributed nothing in profits—in fact, they ran up a deficit of \$19.2 million. Miss Willis then compounds the error, and several others on the same ghastly scale, by imagining that these revenues stem solely from the presence of highrises in the city, and that the revenues would dry up completely should a 72-foot height limit be imposed. By this racked logic, Miss Willis arrives at the conclusion that the 72-foot height limit would increase taxes by 40%.

One other note: Miss Willis is afflicted by the curse of believing everything city officials tell her, however absurd. In one memorable instance, she repeats with a straight face a sewage engineer's statement that highrises "lessen the load on the wet weather system" because they have "less roof space." Translation: when it rains, it rains less in highrise districts. A fitting title for her study.

No. 2) THE McCUE REPORT An interesting compendium of highrise miscellany, by far the most valuable of the early crop of Chamber studies, but marred by one basic and fatal flaw: it assumes what it sets out to prove.

McCue's assumption: commuters will continue to flock to the downtown area (up to an appalling 100% over the next 20 years, he says) and therefore highrises must continue to go up. McCue is an architect, not an economist, but we cannot forgive him for making a statement as naive as this in a professional study: "Tall buildings are not the cause but the result of growth." Tall buildings are both the cause and the result of growth, just as freeways are both the cause and the result of traffic.

McCue's simplistic notion of the complex relationship between commuter growth and highrise construction is crucial to his logic: commuter growth in the downtown will increase, therefore tall buildings must result.

McCue exhorts us to think about this positively—that is, think up the best architecture we can for our inevitable Manhattanization—and devotes most of his report to telling us how new office buildings ought to look. This is the best part, bristling with devastating critiques of recent highrises and the Urban Design Plan.

But what if a height limitation were passed and suddenly highrises ceased to be inevitable? "It is impossible to say with any certainty," McCue admits, "whether the city would be more or less desirable from a social and environmental point of view." (part II, p. 3) Which, of course, implicitly contradicts his original assumption.

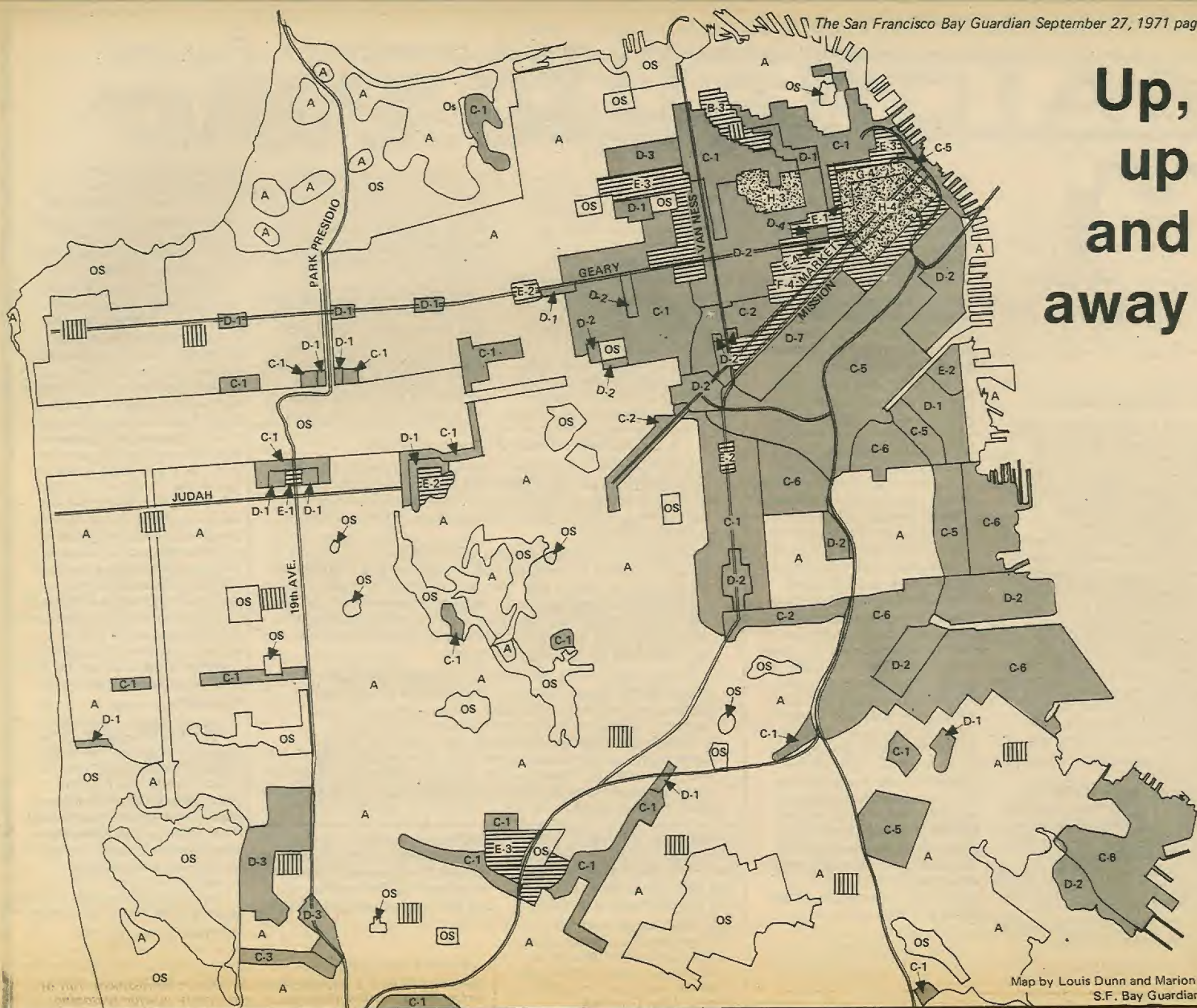
No. 3) THE GRUEN REPORT A biased and unprofessional performance—poor even by the standards of the your-conclusion-for-a-price class of consultants. It attempts no objective study of the economics of highrise, but instead takes on Duskin's eight claims in his petition and "disproves" them all.

Only one of Gruen's conclusions—that a 72-foot height limit would decrease construction jobs in the city—stands up upon first scrutiny, and even here he fails to consider two crucial factors: 1) What percentage of workers on construction projects in S.F. are S.F. residents? 2) Would a height limit in S.F. increase construction jobs in surrounding counties?

The rest are ludicrous on their face. Example: Gruen asserts minorities would be hurt by a halt in expansion of office jobs in the downtown, but produces no evidence that minorities get such jobs.

Example: Gruen "proves" highrises pay for themselves by showing that 1970 city property tax revenues would have been less if certain highrises hadn't been built. But he does this by assuming that city expenditures would have remained the same. In other words, he assumes that servicing highrises costs the city nothing—which is what he set out to prove.

Up,
up
and
away



Interim districts for height and bulk controls

HEIGHT CONTROLS		
Map Symbol	Maximum Height Permitted Without Review (in feet)	Maximum Height That May Be Permitted By City Planning Commission After Review (in feet)
OS	O (open space)	40
A	40	no greater height to be permitted
B	40	300 (by special review of point towers)
C	40	88
D	88	160
E	160	240
F	240	240
G	240	Unlimited, but tapering toward outside edges of district
H	400	Unlimited

BULK CONTROLS			
Map Symbol	Height Above Which Maximum Dimensions Apply (in feet)	Maximum Plan Dimension Permitted Without City Planning Commission Review (in feet)	Maximum Diagonal Plan Dimension Permitted Without City Planning Commission Review (in feet)
no symbol	Bulk regulated by height controls		
.1	40	110	125
2	80	110	125
3	40	110	140
4	150	170	200
5	40	250	300
6	60	250	300
7	150	250	300

Note: Where existing height and bulk limits are more restrictive than these controls, the more restrictive limits remain in effect.

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1. Highrise
2. Giant Highrise
3. "Defining" Highrise
4. Ultimate Highrise

1. Map symbols C and D
2. Map symbols B, E and F
3. In preparing this map, the City Planning Department perhaps inadvertently neglected to include the controversial 300-foot towers called for by the Urban Design Plan to "define" neighborhoods throughout the city. So that Guardian readers might gain a better sense of what the planners envision as desirable for San Francisco in the way of highrise construction, we have added the locations for these towers to the map.
4. Map symbols G and H

Urban Disaster Plan from the Dept. of Highrise Planning

At last city officials, the Planning Department, the Planning Commission, the Chamber of Commerce, SPUR, the Downtown Association and the Examiner-Chronicle have found something they can agree on: the Urban Design Plan.

That should be clue enough as to whom the plan benefits. Consider:

- * In the downtown, a developer's free-for-all. One-hundred-story blockbusters as bulky as the Bank of America, four 50-story towers on a single block without a square foot of open space.
- * At a dozen places scattered throughout the city, 300-foot "point towers" to "define" neighborhoods.
- * In virtually every neighborhood, widespread "small" highrises (88 to 240 feet) in areas currently free of high-density development.

On Aug. 26, these atrocities, and many more, be-

came perfectly permissible according to city law.

On that day, the City Planning Commission, voting unanimously, incorporated the Urban Design Plan into the City's Master Plan. It also adopted the "height and bulk guidelines" from the plan as the basis for an "emergency interim zoning law."

This emergency law, hailed in the press as a "practical alternative" to the Duskin 72-foot height limit proposal, actually clears the way for the high-rising of San Francisco.

The Planning Department prepared the \$272,000 plan over a two year period as a successor to and extension of the Downtown Zoning Plan and other highrise plans. It is basically an acceptance of the forces which have rapidly Manhattanized the city in recent years—it's more "resign" than "design."

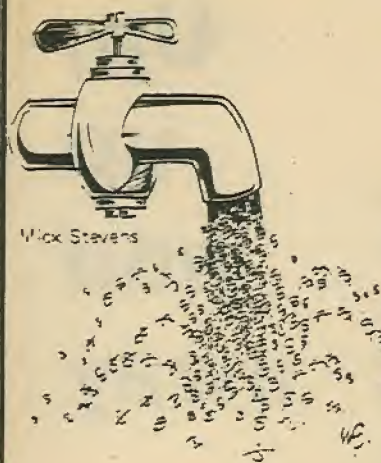
At first glance, the plan appears to offer protec-

tion to the city's environment. The new zoning laws do ban ridiculously out-of-scale highrises like the 33-story monstrosity recently proposed for Russian Hill. The plan does pay lip service to neighborhoods in its sections on local traffic routing and green belts, but the new zoning laws also open them up to the rush of highrise, as the map shows. Example: for Divisadero/Transamerica's secret blockbuster plans for South Park.

These, of course, are aspects of the plan focused on by the press. But they mean little in view of the plan's fundamental acceptance of two key tenets of Manhattanization: 1) that the downtown should continue its growth as a financial office center catering to large number of commuters and 2) that BART corridors should be developed as highrise housing areas. (See "Ooze," p.32)

Bowker, Bulbulian, Stameson, Bettencourt — Four small farmers who may save the state from bankruptcy

'It isn't welfare or education or MediCal that is bankrupting the state of California — it is the California Water Plan'



By Peter Barnes

There is a legal battle raging in San Francisco that could radically alter the social fabric of California, though you would never know it from reading the Chronicle or Examiner.

The battle involves a suit against the California Water Plan by four small farmers in the San Joaquin Valley. If successful, it could begin the transformation of California from a state dominated by the agribusiness corporations and land monopolists, well dramatized by the Nader task force, to a state in which small-scale farming could flourish and people could live on the land, not as virtual serfs but as full-fledged citizens, owning or sharing in the ownership of the land they work.

The suit contends that the California Water Plan unlawfully violates the 160 acre limitation established by Congress in 1902 and reiterated several times since. Arguments before Federal Judge Oliver Carter in San Francisco took several days last month, and Judge Carter now has the case under advisement.

PLAINTIFFS IN the suit

are Victor Bowker, who grows oranges, lemons and avocados on 150 acres in Tulare County; Berge Bulbulian, a raisin-grape grower who owns 150 acres in Fresno County; Gus Stameson of Merced County, who grows almonds and walnuts on his 40 acre farm, and Mary Mendes Bettencourt, a dairy farmer and grower of cotton and alfalfa on 80 acres in Kings County.

Their target is the California Water Plan, a monumental scheme to deliver Northern California water to large corporate landholders in Southern California and on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley. Total cost of the project may ultimately come to nearly \$11 billion.

The chief beneficiaries of the California Water Plan are about a dozen large owners of arid land, including Tenneco (162,000 acres served by the project), Standard Oil of California (101,000 acres), the Tejon Ranch (40 percent owned by the Chandlers, who publish the Los Angeles Times - 54,000 acres), Rancho California (jointly owned by Kaiser Aluminum and Aetna Life - 50,000 acres), the Newhall Ranch (owned by the family of Scott Newhall, San Francisco mayoral candidate and former Chronicle executive editor - 48,000 acres), the Irvine Land Company (80,000 acres), the Southern Pacific Railroad (37,000 acres), J.G. Boswell (recipient of \$4.4 million in federal crop subsidies last year - 37,000 acres) and Miller and Lux (25,000 acres).

THE CHIEF victims of the project are the taxpayers of

California, who must underwrite it, and the small farmers, many of whom will be driven off the land by competition from the giant beneficiaries.

The catch, however, is that the California Water Plan is illegal. When Congress passed the Reclamation Act of 1902, it included strong anti-monopoly provisions to prevent big absentee landowners from profiting at the public's expense. The 1902 law provides that where the federal government is involved

projects in which the federal government is involved in any way. The 160 acre limitation was further strengthened by a 1926 law requiring excess lands to be sold within ten years of delivery of water.

For almost as long as these laws have been on the books, the big land monopolists in California have been trying to circumvent them. In the Imperial Valley near the Mexican border, which is irrigated by federally-built canals from the Colorado river, large

not built without federal assistance. Construction of the Oroville Dam, supposedly the state's primary source of water, was aided by \$67 million in federal funds—nearly one fourth the total cost of the dam.

The San Luis Canal, the San Luis Dam and Reservoir and several related storage facilities and pumping plants—without which the State Water Plan simply would not exist—were financed with 45 per cent federal funds. In addition, the State Water Plan has taken water out of the Sacramento Delta which was delivered there by federal projects, and it keeps trying to take more.

In short, the notion that the California Water Plan is entirely devoid of federal participation, and thus exempt from Congress' 160 acre limitation, is a fiction. The fiction is so apparent, in fact, that the state in 1959 asked Congress to exempt the California Water Plan from the 160 acre limitation by special legislation. Congress debated the matter and then voted against granting the exemption.

NEVERTHELESS, THE

administrative agencies of the state and federal governments have proceeded to build the State Water Project and deliver water to the land monopolists as if the 160 acre limitation were a joke, a law that Congress passed for the fun of it but never intended to enforce.

The suit brought by the small farmers of the San Joaquin Valley is an attempt to make the courts do what the executive agencies of the federal and state governments will not voluntarily do—enforce the laws of Congress on the land monopolists.

"The California Water Plan is the most substantial evasion of the 160 acre law that has ever been perpetrated in the United States," says James D. Lorenz, the small farmers' attorney. "All we are asking is that the courts enforce the law."

Observers are not optimistic about the small farmers' chances with Judge Carter. In a similar case before U.S. district Judge Howard B. Turrentine last January, the district court ruled that the 160 acre limitation did not apply in the Imperial Valley, even though the water there is brought in by the federal government from the Colorado river.

"ASKING A California judge to enforce the 160 acre limitation is like asking an Alabama judge to enforce racial intergration," says a lawyer who handles farm litigation. "The political pressures on the judge are just too strong."

The small farmers of the San Joaquin Valley are prepared to take their case, if necessary, to the U.S. Supreme Court. But in the meantime the State Water Project marches on, threatening not only the economic viability of small-scale farming in California but the ecological survival of the Sacramento Delta and possibly even of San Francisco Bay itself. If the next stage in the water project—the Peripheral Canal from the Sacramento river south bypassing the Delta—is built according to plan, it would drastically reduce the flow of fresh water into the Delta, and add to the stagnation of the Bay.

A state with no small farmers, no wild rivers, a dying San Francisco Bay, ever-higher taxes and illegal subsidies for the rich might be quite satisfactory to the agribusiness giants and land monopolists, but it would be a tragedy for the rest of us.

Reagan: 'Trade UC for some water'

It isn't welfare or education or MediCal that is bankrupting the state of California—it is the California Water Plan, which may cost as much as \$11 billion. Part of that money comes from diverting state revenues from off-shore oil leases from higher education to building aqueducts.

In 1964, the amount diverted was \$16 million a year. Gov. Reagan increased the diversion to \$30 million a year. "We'll trade a university for some water," the governor proudly explained.

The governor's enthusiasm for water at the expense of higher education is understandable. Many of his best friends are land monopolists, and to keep the state's priorities in line he often appoints them to the Board of Regents.

The governor and his appointee to the Regents (William French Smith, Reagan's personal attorney) are not without personal interest in the water plan. Three years ago, Reagan bought a 700 acre ranch in Riverside County that adjoins Smith's ranch. Thanks to the water plan, which will bring water to the two ranches from the Perris Reservoir 15 miles away, the governor's ranch and the regent's ranch have already increased enormously in value (up \$250,000 alone on Reagan's ranch in three years).

in constructing irrigation facilities, no water shall be sold to any one landowner for lands exceeding 160 acres, or to any owner not residing on or near his land.

In 1911, the Warren Act strengthened the original law by providing that the 160 acre limitation applies to all irrigation

landowners (supported politically by Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan and John Tunney) have successfully avoided having to sell their lands in excess of 160 acres.

IN THE much larger San Joaquin Valley, the land monopolists attempted in the 1930s to get around the 160 acre limitation by having the state of California—rather than the federal government—irrigate the land. A state bond issue was approved by the voters in 1932, but because of the Depression the bonds could not be sold. Reluctantly, the large landowners then turned to the federal government, which built Shasta, Trinity, Folsom and Friant dams, and the canals of the Central Valley Project. An attempt in Congress in 1945 to exempt lands served by the Central Valley Project from the 160 acre limitation was soundly defeated.

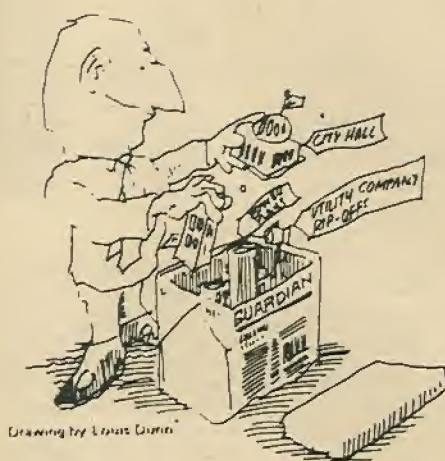
In the late 1950s the land monopolists revived the strategy of a state-built irrigation project. This time, using the fraudulent argument that the people of Southern California desperately needed the water that was flowing through the wild rivers of the north, the land monopolists succeeded in 1960 in selling the voters a \$1.75 billion bond issue to get the project started.

THE BANK of America then played its part by buying most of the bonds. Today the California Aqueduct carrying water from Oroville Dam is completed down to the Tehachapis.

As it turned out, however, the so-called State Water Project was

HELP WANTED

volunteers to take San Francisco apart and put it back together again



Basic Premise:

The Guardian plans to continue its major investigation into the institutions and power of San Francisco.

To do this, we need more help. We're taking applications for a task force of about 25 volunteers to work with us this fall on special Guardian investigations.

(To see the kind of thing we did with our first investigative project this summer, check our stories in this issue on the economics of high rise, renewal of broadcast station licenses and grocery store pricing.)

We'll publish the results, then use them as the basis for continuing editorial surveillance and an early warning system.

The Guardian Program: Ongoing

Volunteers will work, under the direction of Guardian editors, as investigative reporters for two months starting Oct. 15. They will research, interview and cover meetings in these areas:

- (1) Structure of power in SF (who owns what in downtown SF, how does power work through business, labor, redevelopment, the media).
- (2) The economics and politics of Manhattanization: the hidden costs of high rise and high density, the Chamber/Downtown Association/SPIUR/downtown business strategy to maximize high rise construction.
- (3) State and SF Public Utilities Commissions (the high rates and breakdown of utility regulation under Reagan; assessment practices of utilities).
- (4) Renewal of Bay Area radio and tv licenses (critiques of programming and public interest priorities, recommending which licenses should be challenged).

New

- (1) The politics of air and water pollution (why the local water and air pollution control boards aren't tough enough, how industry pressure works through BALIA).
- (2) The financial administration of SF (taxing and assessment policies, the high expense of non-profit corporation financing, bonding and capital improvement policies, why SF doesn't do as well as many big cities with its investment portfolio).
- (3) The politics of regional government (how industry and business pressure, through the Bay Area Council and BALIA, is shaping regional government at the expense of the environment).
- (4) Consumer reports (on insurance rates, consumer credit, bank and savings and loan policies on loans, repair of cars and electric appliances).

Qualifications:

All applications considered—but those showing education or experience in community organizing, sociology, economics, urban studies, law or journalism will be most considered. Must have 2 days or so free each week, some evenings.

How You Apply:

Send us a single typewritten page describing your background, interests and qualifications. If possible, include clippings or sample of your work. Deadline Oct. 10.

FAIL PROJECT, SF Bay Guardian, 1070 Bryant St., San Francisco 94103 UN 1-9600

COME WATCH A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK!

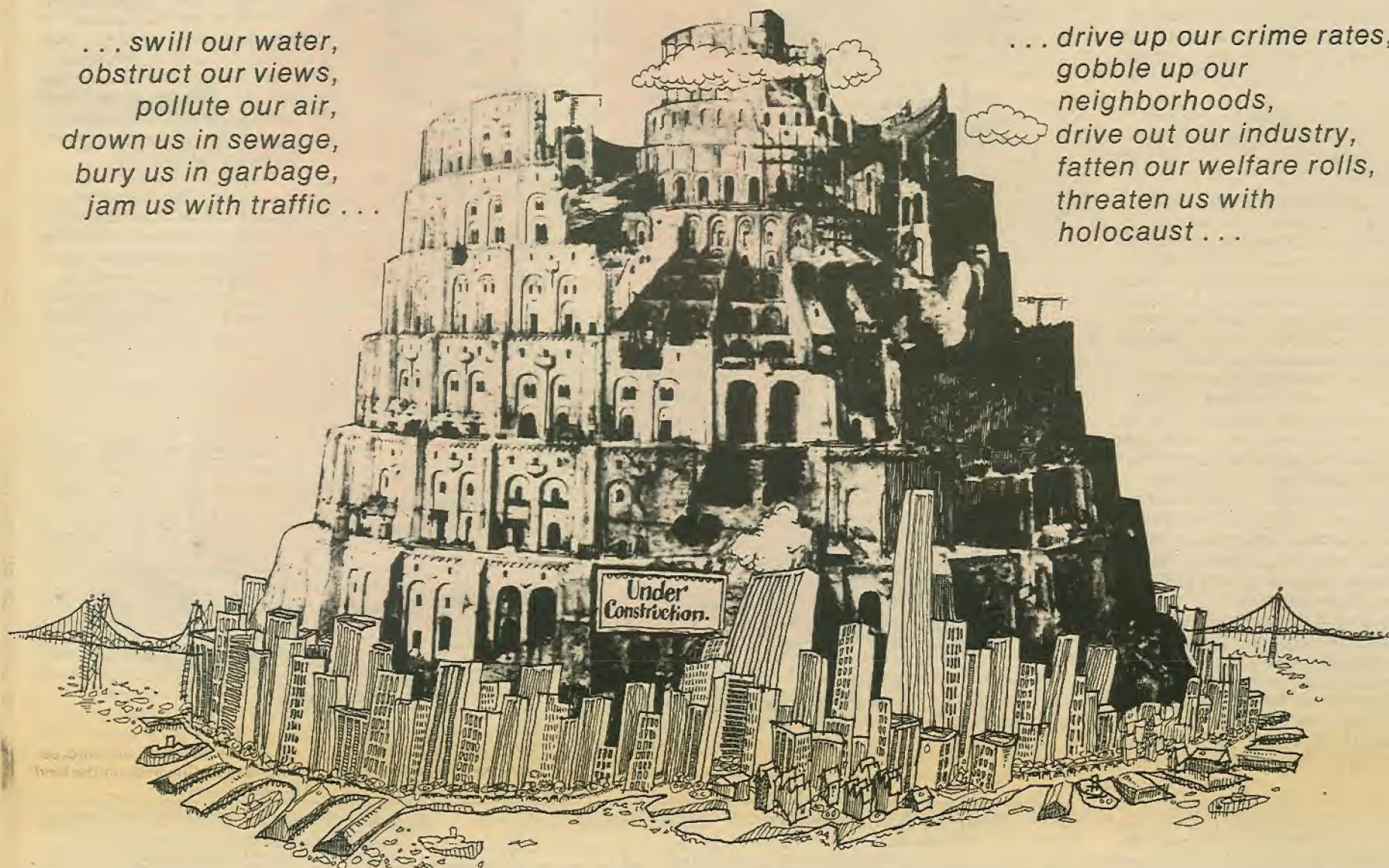
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Not only do highrises ravage our city . . .

... swill our water,
obstruct our views,
pollute our air,
drown us in sewage,
bury us in garbage,
jam us with traffic . . .

... drive up our crime rates,
gobble up our
neighborhoods,
drive out our industry,
fatten our welfare rolls,
threaten us with
holocaust . . .



Drawing by Louis Dunn S.F. Bay Guardian, 1971

By Greggar Sletteland

There's a fellow downtown named Walter Shorenstein who buys mayors and wheels and deals with monster skyscrapers as Howard Hughes does with gambling casinos. He says in the current San Francisco magazine, "The one economically viable thing you have in San Francisco is what's happening in the office buildings."

Maybe what's happening in the downtown highrise district is economically viable for Walter Shorenstein. But it's not for the residents and taxpayers of San Francisco.

An exclusive Guardian cost-revenue study of the highrise district shows that for every \$10 the district yields to municipal coffers, the city has to provide \$11 in services.

Put it another way: the highrise district contributes \$62.9 million, or 25.2% of all locally generated municipal revenues. But it costs \$67.7 million, or 27.9% of all locally financed expenditures (figures from fiscal 1970).

This means taxpayers subsidize—35 cents or so on the tax rate in fiscal 1970—the construction and maintenance of our civic monuments—the Bank of America building, the Transamerica tower, the Hilton Hotel—and, soon, another 23 skyscrapers that will be taller and bulkier and more expensive than ever for resident and taxpayers.

A Guardian task force of 30 urban affairs experts, teachers, unemployed engineers, reporters, students and housewives spent six months producing this study—the first cost-revenue study of this magnitude ever undertaken of a major American city. The study will be on file at the Institute of Government Studies, UC-Berkeley, local libraries and The Guardian.

"If it does nothing else," observed Project Director Tom Lehner, a San Francisco resident and expert on urban economics from Berkeley's School of Public Policy, "this report overturns

THE GUARDIAN SURVEY Bruce B. Brugmann, Editor and Publisher

Our first cartoon in our first Guardian prospectus in 1965 showed a grandfather and grandson looking out from the Top of the Mark, in 2,000 AD, into a forest of high rise buildings. "Time was you could see the bay from here," the grandfather said. "How quaint," the grandson replied.

We've been fighting high rise and high density in San Francisco ever since, but until the last two issues we've been fighting them exclusively on the architectural and esthetic and planning grounds enunciated so eloquently by Lewis Mumford.

Now, with our own cost/revenue study, we can fight them on the surest political terrain of all: on economics: on grounds high rises cost us more in services than they produce in revenue: on grounds they are our newest form of extractive industry. Now, thanks to Alvin Duskin, the Chamber/SPUR/Dtn. Assoc. bloc is on the defensive for the first time and it has had to produce quickly a flurry of rosy "economic reports."

None of these three Chamber reports make the slightest attempt to ascertain the costs of the downtown highrise district and so are fallacious and mendacious from stem to stern. How can you discuss the value of something without knowing its cost?

By contrast, we sent our investigators for our survey into every city department, conducted scores of interviews with city officials and came up with a specific accounting of downtown highrise costs based on the methodology worked out for Charlotte, N.C., in a 1962 academic study. The research for our story and survey is laid out, unlike the three Chamber reports, so it can be publicly inspected and independently verified.

Project Director: Tom Lehner. Research Chief: Rich Hayes, Mike Cussen, Robert Berry, Tim Ward, Cesare Ades, Katie Rice, Alec Dubro, John Jakobson, Martin Kupferman, A.P. Margaronis, Al Averbach, Rose-Marie Turko, Peter Owens, Greggar Sletteland, Jane Silverman, Peter Petrakis, Richard Burke, Leslie Wadell, Ann Nicks, Michael Miller, Dave Harrington, Marilyn Morgan.

once and for all, emphatically and conclusively, the conventional wisdom that downtown skyscrapers somehow provide the municipal treasury with its lifeblood."

"Anyone who thinks for a moment about what's happening in New York," Lehner added, "will come to the same conclusion as our study did. But the air's been so full of propaganda from the Chamber of Commerce and other downtown interests like the Examiner and Chronicle that it's difficult to have a clear thought about the subject."

Lehner also pointed out that the Guardian's survey looked into only the municipal cost-revenue aspects of the highrise question. The next phase of the survey will consider larger social costs, esthetic concerns and such "hidden

taxes" resulting from highrise construction as BART levies, airport costs, huge phone bill increases, and skyrocketing auto insurance rates that directly reflect population density.

"These costs do not show up in the municipal budget," Lehner said, "so we had to disregard them for the cost-revenue part of our study. But there's no doubt they're there."

Highlights of the Guardian survey:

THE HIGHRISE DISTRICT

There are almost as many definitions of the downtown business district as there are academics trying to find it.

To simplify matters, the Guardian's cost-revenue squad selected a 250-block area closely similar to that designated

as the Central Business District (hereafter CBD) by the U.S. Bureau of the Census. The Guardian's CBD is bounded by Mason, Franklin and Geary to the west, Folsom to the south, Embarcadero to the east and Pacific and Pine to the north (see map, next page).

Our study of the Planning Department's massive Sanborn Map Books leaves no doubt that this 250-block area is the downtown highrise district. The books show that it contains just 3.4% of the city's developed blocks but 495, or 64%, of the city's 783 buildings over six stories tall (including 12 of 26 now under construction).

Not all buildings in this area rise above six stories, of course, but all 250 blocks are zoned for highrise and by law assessed for possible highrise development.

METHODOLOGY

The Guardian team followed a methodology laid out in "A Cost Revenue Study of the Central Business District [of Charlotte, North Carolina]," a published dissertation by Raymond J. Green of the Urban Land Institute, on file at the Institute of Government Studies.

REVENUES

In fiscal 1970, the latest year for which complete figures were available, total city and county revenue exclusive of school districts (see next section) was \$406.3 million. Federal and State grants accounted for \$94.6 million of this, charges for current services and user fees another \$61.6 million. The remainder, \$250.1 million, came from local sources.

By far the largest portion of this \$250.1 million was generated by the property tax. Our study of the Assessor's Block Total Books showed that of the \$161.8 million raised by property tax in fiscal 1970, \$39.3 million, or 24.3%, came from the CBD.

Continued on next page

They also ste

Continued from preceding page

Sixteen other revenue sources supplemented the property tax (see box). Here are examples of how we apportioned these revenues:

•Gross Receipts Tax and Sales and Use Tax: we established the percentage of the city's retail sales which occur in the CBD (31.3%, declining for several years).

•Hotel Occupancy Tax: we determined that roughly 80% of the city's hotel-motel business is carried out in the CBD.

•Parking meter and lot revenue: we compiled revenue totals from the 7,300 CBD meters (51% of the city total) and 9 CBD off-street garages (100% of the total).

•State liquor license fee: we found that, of 734 establishments in the city holding such licenses, 191, or 26.2%, were in the CBD.

EXPENDITURES

Green's Charlotte study proved an invaluable guide for hacking through the dense jungle of city expenditures. Following Green's method, our task force divided city expenditures into three categories and computed them as follows (detailed examples in succeeding sections):

•Services to property (police, fire, sewage, etc.): we determined these services by painstaking examination of the accounts of all city departments engaged in such services and extensive personal interviews with 30 key city officials.

•Community-Wide Services (health, elections, etc.): we apportioned these services according to the only available financial measure of a district's worth—the assessed valuation of land and improvements in that district.

•General Activities (Mayor's Office, City Attorney, etc.): we apportioned these activities by the sum of Services to Property and Community-Wide Services accorded to the CBD, expressed as a percentage of the city total.

Important footnote: Since education provides a service which spreads its value over the entire community, each sector of the city, under Green's methodology, receives educational services in proportion to the assessed value of that sector. San Francisco levies taxes to pay for education by this same method (property taxes), and therefore education revenues and costs for each sector of the city are equal by definition. Since, in addition, the Unified School District is a governmental entity separate from the City and County of San Francisco, we do not further consider it in this report.

POLICE PROTECTION

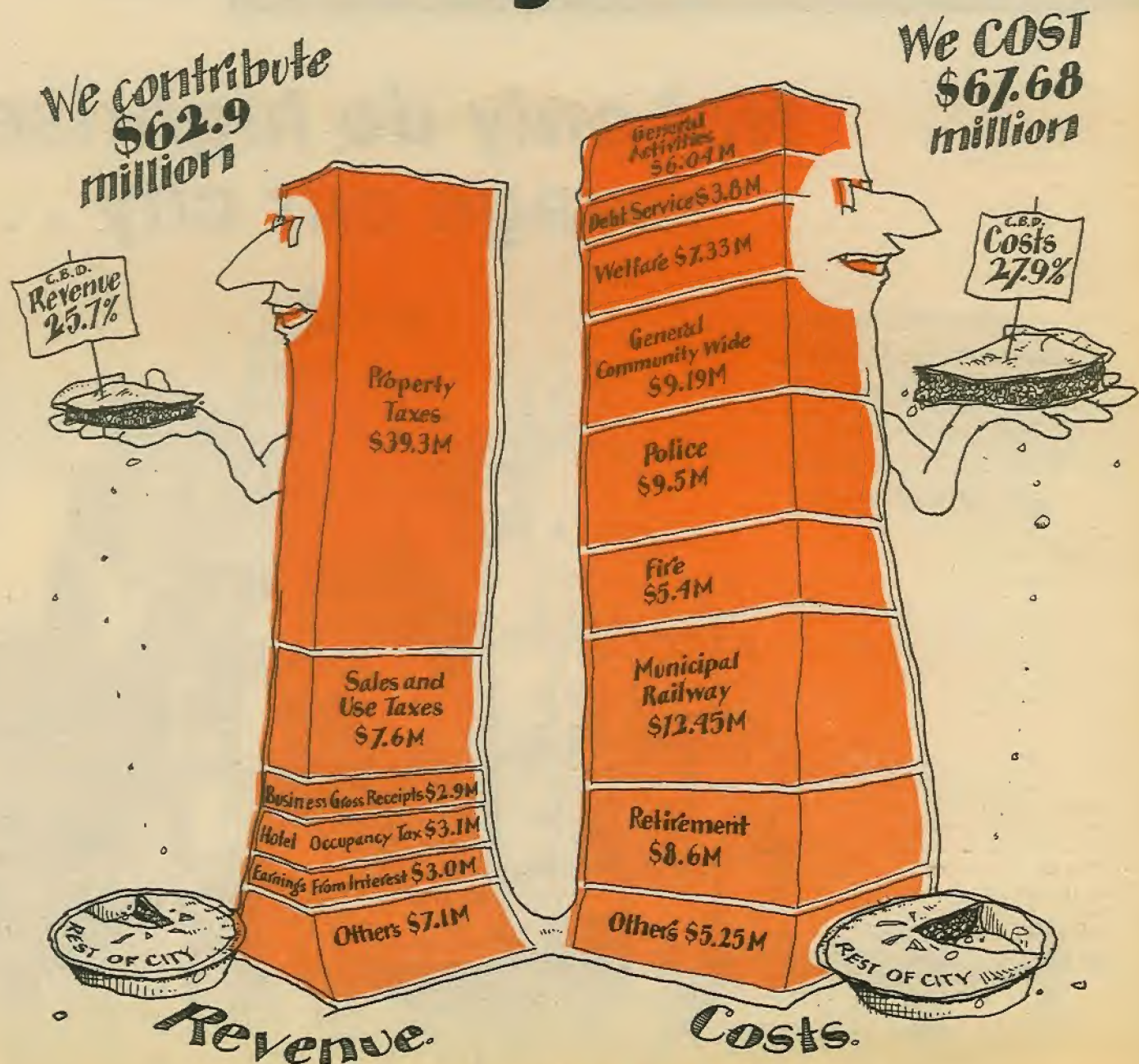
From a June 1, 1971, Examiner editorial: "Highrises don't rob, rape, and kill; people do."

Claude Gruen of Gruen, Gruen & Associates, speaking at a June, 1971, Chamber of Commerce forum: "It has been shown that the higher the buildings are the lower the crime rates in that area are." (Shortly before this forum the Chamber had put up \$100,000 for Gruen to conduct an "objective" study on the economics of highrise.)

Finally, S.F. Police Chief Alfred Nelder, quoted in the September, 1971, San Francisco Magazine: "In general, we have no data to establish that highrise structures per se have necessitated the assignment of additional police manpower."

Highrise structures *per se*? Of course it's not the highrise structure *per se* that brings in additional police—it's the people (and the traffic) attracted by high-rises. Many ranking officers dispute Nelder, but for political reasons are afraid to speak out. One told the Guardian: "The total square feet of ground space occupied by a highrise office will increase the population density in that area proportionately to the height of the building. It is not the height of the building that increases the need for police services, it is the concentration of people in large numbers."

Here are the facts regarding police services in the highrise district. Our block by block analysis of police records of non-traffic crimes committed in the city shows that no fewer than 30% occur in the CBD. Ten per cent of all robberies in the entire city occur in a 26-block area roughly approximating the financial district. Further-



THE ORIGINAL PIE IN THE SKY
Cost/Revenue Study of San Francisco's Central Business District

What the Downtown brings-in: \$62.9 million (A summary of revenue apportionments from San Francisco's Central Business District)				What the Downtown costs: \$67.7 million (A summary of expenditure apportionments for San Francisco's Central Business District)			
Apportionment by revenue source ⁶	total city '69-'70	apportionable to CBD	CBD's %	Apportionment by expenditure source ⁶	total city '69-'70	apportionable to CBD	CBD's %
1. Property taxes	\$161.8m	\$39.3m	24%	A. SERVICES TO PROPERTY ¹			
2. Sales and use taxes	23.8	7.6	32%	1. Police protection	\$31.5m	\$9.5m	30%
3. Hotel occupancy tax	3.9	3.1	80%	2. Fire protection	23.7	5.4	23%
4. Business gross receipts tax	9.0	2.9	32%	3. Engineering and administration	1.9	.6	31%
5. Parking meter and lot revenue	1.3	1.2	93%	4. Streets, sanitation	3.6	.47	13%
6. Construction permits	1.1	.9	80%	5. Sewers, sewage treatment	3.9	.98	25%
7. Real property transfer tax	.4	.1	24%	6. Municipal railway deficit	19.0	12.45	65%
8. Rents and concessions	.6	.5	83%	7. Retirement ²	28.6	8.6	30%
9. Franchises	.6	.4	67%	8. Unaccounted (storm drains & street lights)	9.8	3.2	31%
10. Vehicle code and other fines	5.5	1.4	25%	TOTAL	122.0	41.3	31%
11. State liquor license fee	1.0	.3	30%	B. COMMUNITY-WIDE SERVICES ³			
12. State property tax relief	4.3	.2	5%	1. General ⁴	37.81	9.19	25%
13. State inventory tax relief	1.3	.3	23%	2. Welfare	45.24	7.33	16%
14. State cigarette tax	3.8	.8	20%	3. Debt services	15.73	3.81	25%
15. State motor vehicle tax	9.1	.5	5%	TOTAL	98.78	20.33	21%
16. State gasoline tax	9.2	.5	5%	C. GENERAL ACTIVITIES ⁵			
17. Earnings from interest	12.1	3.0	25%	TOTAL	21.66	6.04	28%
TOTAL	249.0	62.9	25.2%	TOTAL	242.44	67.68	27.9%

1. Services which can be apportioned to areas of the city where the actual work is performed.
2. Computed on the basis of contributions to retirement on behalf of city employees who service the downtown area.
3. Services whose benefit is felt by the community as a whole and only indirectly by any particular area of the city.

4. These include Corrections, Sheriff's Office, Parks and Recreation, Courts, Library, Community Promotion, Health, Elections, Law Library, and Miscellaneous.
5. These include Board of Supervisors, Mayor's Office, Chief Administrative Officer, County Clerk, Controller, Treasurer, and City Attorney.
6. Figures from fiscal 1970 State Controller's Report

Continued on next page

Deal our taxes

Continued from preceding page

more, of 303 police personnel assigned to cover traffic in the city, 136, or 48%, are stationed in the CBD. Nelder has had to double the number of CBD meter maids in the past two years.

Because the Police Department could not provide budget figures separating traffic from non-traffic expenditures, the Guardian team assigned only 30% of city-wide police costs to the CBD. Thus, we were forced to leave out two important factors—both the higher proportion of traffic personnel assigned to the area and the likelihood that police protect people and investigate crimes more fervently and more expensively in the CBD than, say, in Hunters Point and Butchertown.

FIRE PROTECTION

The June 1, 1971, Examiner editorial: "The demands [on the Fire Department] are almost non-existent in the low fire hazard areas around highrises."

This is undoubtedly true, but only by tautology. Demands are always "almost non-existent" in low fire hazard areas. But what about high fire hazard areas around highrises—and inside highrises?

Guardian researchers found that 408 of the Fire Department's 1,768 fire fighters answer calls in the CBD, along with 25.5% of the engines and 50% of the salvage companies. To arrive at the final percentage assigned to the CBD, we divided the city-wide cost of Fire Department services by the number of fire fighters serving the city. Then we multiplied this per man cost by the number of personnel serving the CBD. Results: the CBD required 22.9% of the total Fire Department budget, \$5.4 million out of \$24.9 million.

SEWAGE

There's no way in the world you can figure out where this stuff comes from," said an engineer at one of the city's new sewage treatment plants.

At about the same time, the Supervisors enacted a sewer tax that levied sewer charges on the basis of water consumption. This tax is based on a reasonable assumption: that what goes into property as water comes out as sewage.

Guardian researchers totaled all water meter readings in the CBD and found that in a typical month the CBD consumed 102.8 million gallons, or 24.8% of the total city figure of 414.3 million gallons.

A note in passing: although the CBD consumes 24.8% of the water, it pays only 18% of the bill.

MUNICIPAL RAILWAY

The Municipal Railway's books must be in even worse shape than their buses and streetcars. This was the only city department that refused without explanation to open its records to our research team.

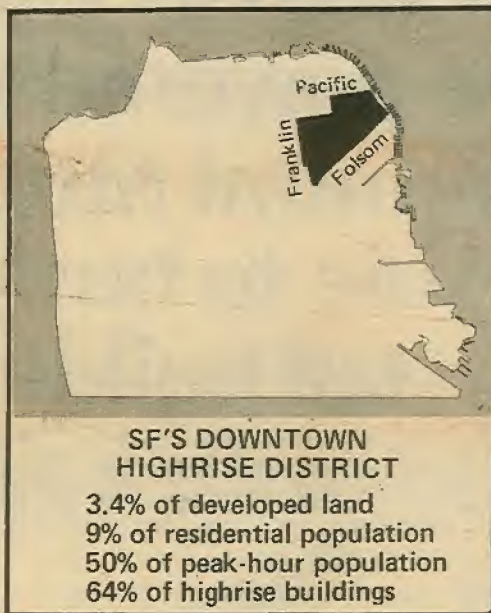
A 1965 BART study of the Municipal Railway provided the most recent figures available. In that year, 409,000 individual trips were taken on the Muni on a typical weekday, of which 59.4% were either from points outside the CBD to points within, or from one point within the CBD to another.

Our researchers figured half this percentage to represent service rendered to property within the CBD, the other half service to non-CBD property, and came up with a figure of 29.7% for the total services received by the CBD from the Municipal Railway.

The Muni's total fiscal 1970 operating costs were \$47.7 million; 29.7% of this is \$14.2 million. However, riders travelling entirely within the CBD paid \$1.25 million in fares (of a city-wide total of \$28.5 million in fares), leaving \$12.95 million as the CBD's share. This represents 65% of the Muni deficit paid out of the General Fund.

RETIREMENT FUND

The city makes contributions to the Retirement Fund for all permanent city employees. By totaling the salaries of all workers who service the CBD and figuring this number as a percentage of the total amount paid to city workers in salaries, the Guardian researchers determined that 30%, or \$8.6 million, should be apportioned to the CBD. Again, we're being generous, since the \$8.6 million does not include contributions for city workers



who service the CBD indirectly (they could not be adequately identified).

WELFARE

Welfare costs have increased rapidly in recent years, of course, but the amount paid by city taxpayers to support this service remains relatively small—just 18% of locally generated revenues in fiscal 1970, compared with 22% for fire and police protection. Of the \$121.7 million the city spent for welfare in fiscal 1970, \$76.5 million came from State and Federal grants, leaving \$45.2 million as the bill for local taxpayers.

Green, in his Charlotte study, defined Welfare as a community-wide service.

This method applied to San Francisco would apportion 24.3%, or \$11 million, in welfare costs to the CBD. However, the Guardian team found a more direct way of apportioning these costs. The 18 census tracts within the CBD contained 7,371 of the 45,198 welfare recipients in San Francisco, or 16.3%. This percentage of the total welfare budget gives a figure of \$7.8 million for CBD welfare costs.

INTERPRETATION

The Guardian survey shows that San Francisco's downtown highrise district, far from supporting the municipal treasury, actually costs more than it provides—meaning that residential taxpayers must in effect "subsidize" it. Here's why:

- Highrises increase city density. As New York Mayor John M. Lindsay writes in "The City and the State," "density is responsible for inevitably higher costs for almost every conceivable service." Businesses operate more efficiently by clustering at the center of a city—but the costs of producing this efficiency (roads, parking, protection, etc.) fall back on the city's taxpayers. Moreover, as a city's density increases beyond a certain point,

so too do its per capita costs. Government studies indicate that such diseconomies of scale begin to appear in cities of more than 200,000 population.

- Highrise office buildings provide white collar jobs filled mostly by commuters. During a five-year period of intensive highrise construction from 1963 to 1968, according to a Wells Fargo study, jobs for San Franciscans in the downtown increased by just 1%, while jobs for commuters increased by 23%. Currently, commuters swell the city's population by 300,000 for nine to ten hours each weekday—but pay no city taxes. Instead, the 700,000 residents of San Francisco must pay the costs of a city of more than one million.

- Highrises produce a vast increase in land values. As buildings cluster in the downtown, land values there skyrocket, making the construction of larger and larger buildings economically necessary to amortize the cost of land. As a ripple-effect spinoff from this vicious cycle, land values increase throughout the city, driving up assessments and thus taxes—and, incidentally, making outlying areas susceptible to the vicious cycle of high-rise construction.

- Highrises drive out middle income people. As the price of owning a home in San Francisco shoots up, middle income families find that for the same amount of money they can buy "more home" and also receive better education for their children in the suburbs. Consider: Although the combined tax rates for San Francisco and most suburbs are nearly equal, suburbs on the average spend 70% more for education and 70% less for services—a direct reflection of services San Francisco must provide for commuters. The result of the middle income exodus—100,000 have left in the past ten years—is, of course, an ever-larger burden for remaining taxpayers.

- Highrises increase the number of underemployed people who must be supported by the city. This happens in several ways:

- 1) Each increase in taxes forces some residents living on fixed incomes to turn to the city for welfare aid.
- 2) As rising land values and taxes force families to put their homes on the market, real estate investors convert the houses into apartments housing a larger number of people to share the costs of amortizing the property. As time passes and taxes rise still more, the landlord must increase rents, squeeze more people in or cut back on the building's upkeep, or, in time, all three. In this way neighborhoods gradually become slums—and slums attract more underemployed people from outside the city.
- 3) Not only do highrises fail to provide jobs for underemployed people: they drive out these jobs. In the past ten years, according to U.S. Census figures, while white collar jobs in San Francisco increased by 40,000, blue collar jobs (many

of them union) decreased by 11,000. Rising taxes and land values forced labor-intensive industries to locate elsewhere.

SOLUTIONS

In the next four years, at least 24 more massive skyscrapers will rise in the downtown. BART will make it easier than ever for commuters to get in and out of the city. The exodus of middle income people and blue collar industry shows no sign of slackening, while the availability of white collar jobs to minority groups is actually decreasing. In short, all indicators point to an increase in the pace of Manhattanization.

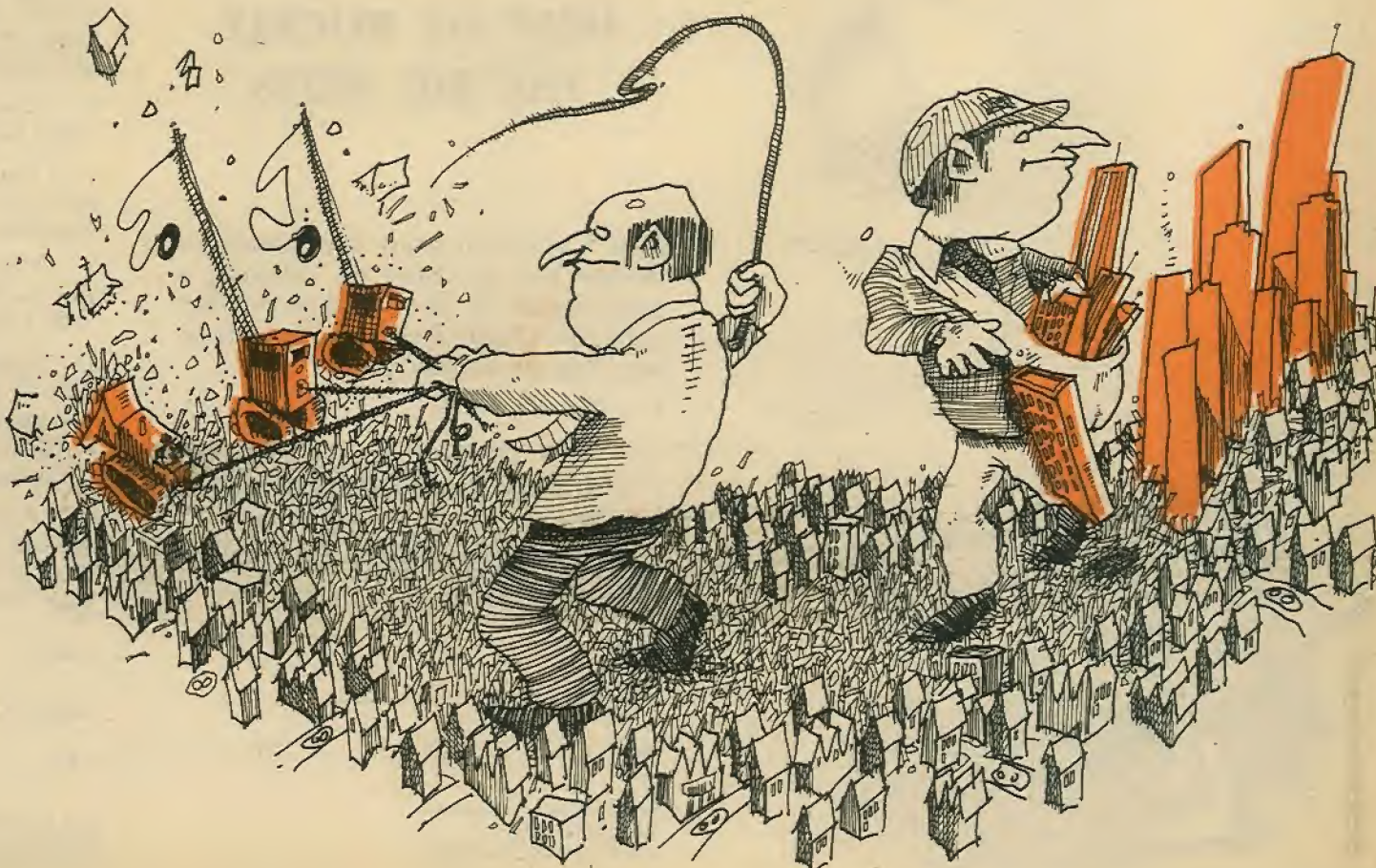
So far, San Francisco has tried two wholly inadequate remedies for these problems caused by highrise buildings. Business taxes such as the payroll tax have made matters worse by hitting hardest the labor-intensive industries which provide blue collar jobs. A proposed tax on commuters, meanwhile, has been ruled illegal. Even if it had not been, this kind of tax would serve only to make the city's Manhattanization somewhat less painful to resident taxpayers. It would not reverse the process, since it does not get at underlying causes.

A more drastic measure—a halt to construction of highrise office buildings—makes good economic sense. Such a halt would freeze the number of commuters who demand city services without paying for them, and it would also drastically slow the increase in land values.

Contrary to assertions by the City Assessor, taxes from the downtown would not decrease appreciably, as demand for more space in existing highrises would prompt an increase in their assessments. However, land values would fall in surrounding areas, making them more attractive to blue collar industries. These industries would broaden the tax base and, equally important, provide jobs for many people currently on welfare rolls.

A halt in highrise construction would provide substantial relief to the taxpayers of San Francisco. It would also seriously dampen the enthusiasm of more large banks, insurance companies and other financial institutions—many of them moving west from beleaguered Manhattan—for locating their headquarters buildings in San Francisco. By halting highrise construction, San Franciscans would in effect be telling such institutions that city residents no longer wish to subsidize the process by which San Francisco is becoming the "Wall Street of the West."

(The impact of the 72-foot height limit initiative upon jobs, houses, taxes, welfare and other aspects of urban life will be dealt with at length in Part II of this article in the next Guardian as well as in a Bay Guardian book, "The Ultimate Highrise," to be published later this month. See next page.)



COMING THIS MONTH:

The Bay Guardian's uproarious, maddening & definitive book-length account of the Manhattanization of San Francisco. Tales of the mad rush toward the sky--bigger and bulkier buildings, 52 stories now, 60 next year, 80, 100, 120, up and up, gobbling the homes and streets and neighborhoods of our city, larger and larger until one day:

The Ultimate Highrise

Guardian experts probe the causes, pin the blame, set up an early warning system, tell how to keep the lofty culprits out of your neighborhood. It's the ultimate in highrise handbooks: never a page that fails to inform, enrage, entertain and provoke the demented laughter of disbelief.

Contents:

- The world's first comprehensive economic study of the true costs of skyscrapers, done by a special Guardian investigative task force scouring every neighborhood for every piece of evidence.
- A feisty & brawling chronicle of the politics of highrise development in San Francisco.
- The Complete Highrise Power Structure Chart, with all the villains pinned, classified and named.
- An appalling evisceration of the Planning Department's scheme for our salvation--the "Urban Design Plan."
- The inside story of the ghastly Chamber of Commerce blueprint for setting up highrise housing enclaves for the rich (complete with guards and high wire fences) throughout our embattled city.
- "Take a ride on the BART. Do not progress. Go directly to urban disaster." A deliciously vituperative attack against the mass transit system designed as an umbilical cord for Manhattan-by-the-Bay.
- "All Quiet (for about six months) on the Waterfront"--how citizen pressure folded up US Steel's plan for highrising the Waterfront, what's

being cooked up for us after the hubbub dies down.

• A horrifying look at what lies in store for each San Francisco neighborhood in the next ten years--with 23 legal ways to banish skyscrapers from your turf.

• Also: a no-holds-barred introduction by Chamber of Commerce Enemy No. 1, Alvin Duskin... the nastiest socio-political cartoons since David Levine nailed Lyndon Johnson... a wealth of fascinating

tables and graphs... medical advice... a list of highrises most likely to fall in the next earthquake... the Guardian's Ten Ugliest Highrises awards... skyscraper poems... nostalgic photos of old San Francisco... a collection of ludicrous quotes from highrise owners... and much, much more...

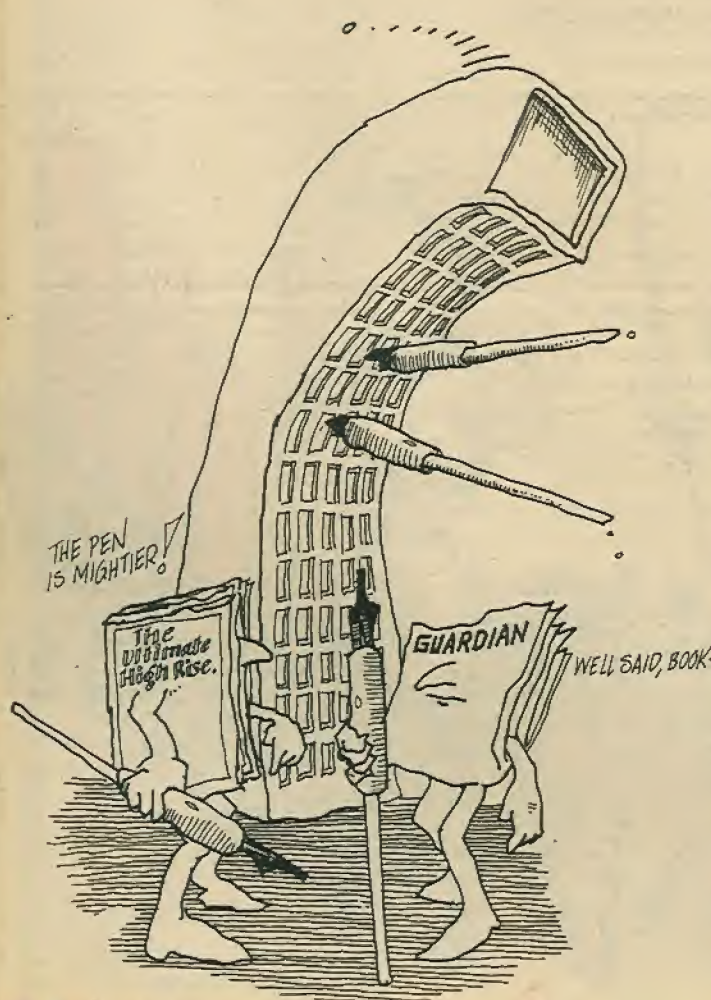
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Let's break up the BofA/PG&E act on the PUC

Conflict of interest is defined and expressly prohibited by Section 222 of the city charter: "No supervisor and no officer or employee of the city and county shall engage in any activity, employment or business or professional work or enterprise which is inconsistent, incompatible, or in conflict with his duties as a supervisor or officer or employee of the city and county. . . Violation. . . shall constitute official misconduct. . ."

Section 11 spells out what must be done about official misconduct: "Any appointee of the mayor or the board of supervisors guilty of official misconduct. . . must be removed by the mayor or the board of supervisors, as the case may be, and failure of the mayor or any supervisor to take such action shall constitute official misconduct on his or their part."

Section 119 declares it to be the "purpose and intention" of the people of San Francisco to "gradually acquire and ultimately own" all utilities in San Francisco.

With these charter provisions in mind, The Guardian requests the immediate removal of Marvin E. Cardoza (chairman) and Louis A. Petri (member) from the San Francisco Public Utilities Commission.

We charge these two Alioto appointees with conflict of interest, as vice-president and board member respectively of the Bank of America, which makes it impossible for them to carry out the public power mandates of the charter, the federal Raker Act and the U.S. Supreme Court.

THESE PUBLIC power mandates require San Francisco to buy out PG&E's private power monopoly in San Francisco and thereby sell the city's own Hetch Hetchy power to its own citizens and businesses in San Francisco. We believe Cardoza and Petri cannot support this policy to buy out PG&E and that they have amply demonstrated already that the intimate connections and direct working relationship between BofA and PG&E require them to subvert this public power policy in the interests of their employer and to the disadvantage of the city.

This enterprise, we contend, is "inconsistent, incompatible and in conflict" with their public duties as PUC officers.

The working relationship between banks and private utilities is an old pattern. A 1934 Federal Trade Commission investigation showed that the major investors in private utilities were banks and insurance companies.

The investigation produced documents and testimony that characterized bank-utility relationships as an "invisible partnership which should work to the advantage of both parties."

Today, the BofA/private utility/PG&E relationship is quite visible. Eight of the 20 board members of B of A are also on the boards of California private utility companies. Nearly half of PG&E's board of directors are also bank directors, representing every major San Francisco bank. Of PG&E's 10 largest stockholders, five are banks and five are insurance companies.

Here are some specific visible elements in the BofA/PG&E alliance:

1) PG&E vice president K.C. Christensen testified before the state PUC in 1964 that PG&E's kept \$2 million in interest free deposits with the San Francisco headquarters branch of BofA and that these deposits gave the giant utility a line of credit for \$14 million, "which is available to us overnight." PG&E, he testified further, has large interest free deposits in numerous BofA branches all over the state.

FOR MORE than 50 years it has been official PG&E policy to cement political alliances with bankers by "saying it with millions in interest free deposits." (See Hockenbeamer footnote.) It still does. Christensen is now a director of BofA's real estate investment trust.

2) Before his death in February this year, Carl F. Wente, a BofA board member, was also a board member of PG&E and a member of the board's executive committee.

3) Walter A. Haas, Jr., a member of BofA's board of directors, is the son of Walter A. Haas, board member and member of the executive committee of PG&E. Walter Jr. is also on the board of directors of PT&T.

4) T.M. McDaniel, board member of BofA, is president of the Southern California Edison Company.

5) Garrett W. McEnerney II, board member of BofA, is also a member of the board of di-

THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY GUARDIAN

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EDITORIALS

Hongisto for sheriff

Where are the good candidates and the important issues of reform in the November election?

With the notable exception of Richard Hongisto for sheriff, we see no challengers thus far that excite us much in any race and few incumbents that excite us at all.

It's a shame: now is the time to move on high rise (but the Duskin people won't pull off their incredible vigilante movement operating above and beyond the political process, without candidates, without spokesmen inside city hall). Now is the time to move on charter reform, on widening the tax base through an equitable income tax and through buying out PG&E, on banning cars from downtown, on minority issues, on little things like more bicycle paths and on big things like more park and open space in proportion to every big building that gobbles up space.

Now is the time to redistrict the city, take power away from the chamber/SPUR/downtown real estate interests and begin "representing the unrepresented," as Duskin put it during the many meetings he called this summer to try to get a coalition going. The coalition misfired and with it the rare opportunity for a timely, credible bid for reform. Here's what you can still do:

1. Contact Duskin headquarters, 397-9220, 520 3rd St., and tell them you would like Duskin to run for supervisor. Also: Edison Uno, the other strong candidate left on the "coalition." Don't take no for an answer. Duskin can win easily, Uno maybe behind a strong campaign.

2. Register to vote (if you were 18 and a SF resident since Aug. 4) and support the voting drives of Frontlash and other groups. Registration deadline: Sept. 9 to vote in the Nov. 2 election. You can register at the office of the registrar at city hall, room 155 and at 20 or so locations throughout the city (from BofA at 345 Montgomery to Walgreen's Drug at Stonestown.) Call the registrar's office for the registration place nearest you.

3. Support Duskin's six story high rise initiative campaign. The office, 397-9220, needs volunteers to type, do office work, leaflet, give speeches and do precinct work.

4. Support the Committee for Representative Government (CRG, 922-9009, 566 Fulton St.), which is circulating an initiative petition to elect the board of supervisors by district. Aiming for the June election.

5. Try to get some better candidates into the race for mayor and supervisor. For mayor, we like Bill Roth, the one man in San Francisco who could mobilize the finances and the crucial support at this late date, and Bill Brinton, if he'll come out of the underbrush with a fighting campaign. Is everybody scared of Alioto?

For supervisor, we would like to see Duskin. . .Uno. . .Laurel Glass of the school board. . .Jack Morrison of the EOC. . .Andy Gollan of the Progress. . .Gerry Cauten of SF Tomorrow. . .Robert Lilienthal formerly of the planning commission. . .Howard Nemerovski of the school board. . .Eileen Hernandez of NOW. . .Yori Wada of the YMCA and Civil Service Commission. . .Mrs. Mary Rodgers of Western Addition battles. . .Noah Griffin, just graduated from Harvard Law School, his father was the first head of the local NAACP office. . .Atty. Robert Kirkwood of the conservation movement. . .

For sheriff, we like Richard Hongisto, former police officer, member of the police community relations department, a reporter on Newsroom the past few months, a graduate student UC Berkeley working on his doctorate in criminology, who at 34 would bring solid police experience to this critical post as well as a good rapport with young people. He alone of the sheriff candidates supports the SF Crime Committee's report and he alone has the ability and savvy to carry through some of its major recommendations.

er commissioners to do the same.

ALMOST SINCE the day Cardoza was appointed, the PUC has been negotiating with PG&E to renew contracts that dissipate the city's Hetch Hetchy power in unprofitable out-of-town markets and establish the extortionate fees the city pays PG&E to wheel city power to municipal services.

Cardoza/Petri support without blushing the city's sell-out bargaining position: that PG&E cannot only block Hetch Hetchy power at Newark, but it can then set up a tollgate and soak the city \$2.3 million to wheel city power 35 miles from Newark to SF.

PG&E would not elect public power advocates to its board of directors. It would not even elect men who professed to be neutral on the subject. Why should the people of San Francisco tolerate private power company agents on the "board of directors" of their municipal utility enterprise?

Cardoza and Petri must resign and if they will not, they must be removed by the man who appointed them, or he too will be guilty of official misconduct.

Footnote: We urge the 1971 SF grand jury to investigate the BofA/PG&E act on the PUC and the entire Hetch Hetchy scandal—and to forego its annual three-day \$1200, wine and dine trip to our Hetch Hetchy facilities in Yosemite National Park.

To this end, The Guardian two weeks ago wrote the grand jury and formally requested an investigation.

Footnote: From a letter by A. F. Hockenbeamer, president of PG&E from 1927-1935, to the president of an eastern utility company:

"The bankers as a rule, are about as economically minded as we are, but nevertheless, we came to the conclusion about 15 years ago that as a practical incentive to get them to work with us, there is no substitute for deposits. A worthwhile account has, therefore, been the keystone of our policy. . .

"We believe it is well worth while: First, because the service they render to us as banker is worth something, and secondly, because it cements their friendship and cooperation. Incidentally, we require no interest on these deposits."



Drawing by Mick Stevens
S.F. Bay Guardian, 1971

'Just Me and My Shadow'

KENNETH REXROTH

With a commune here, and a commune there, Old McDonald had a farm E-I-E-I-O

FOR THE last few months I have been writing a book about both the theory and the practice of communism—with a small c—and anarchism, from the neolithic village community to modern times.

I just finished the Hutterites. Ahead of me lies the present day commune movement. It is my hope that my readers will be able to come to some understanding of the present by knowledge of the past. This of course in itself is a most Utopian notion. There is not a particle of evidence that men learn from experience or that mankind learns from history.

Today communes are everywhere. It's Old MacDonald's commune farm. Is this a movement that will change society? A passing craze like the hula hoop or the Bunny Hug? A symptom of the breakdown of the middle class? Or the real revolution come at last?

It is probably all of these. Two journalistic books have just been published on the commune movement. They are both very arch. One is by a successful slick magazine writer and editor, is written in the most insufferably coy journalese I think I have ever read.

BOTH ARE obsessed by sex, one also with drugs. These are the aspects that television, the picture magazines and the newspaper feature writers all play up. One states flatly that what unites the new "commune culture" is drugs, by which he means mostly marijuana, but he then proceeds to describe several, including his most successful groups, in which marijuana and in some cases meat, alcohol, tobacco, coffee and tea are forbidden.

As for sex, there are communes where everybody balls everybody, all the time, when not too stoned, but these don't seem to be very common, however notorious. One author describes what is really a cooperative flat in Berkeley dedicated to group sex, where there's a chart alongside the kitchen blackboard with slots in it showing at a glance who sleeps with who that night and changed daily.

However, the same book calls the Haight Ashbury "an area of flophouses and parking lots," and refers to "Stimpson" Beach. Having lived in the Haight

Ashbury for over ten years, I sure missed those parking lots. I wonder how much of this sensational reportage is entirely made up?

CERTAINLY, THERE can be found within a short drive of San Francisco at least one commune, open to all, where at the height of the summer there will be 500 people on 300 odd acres with no piped water or sanitary facilities whatever and where everybody is stoned all the time.

This of course is just what it seems—a breakdown of middle class America. Today, every group of college students that gets together to share an apartment calls itself a commune. This is just a craze for a word. "Commune" becomes something like "right on" or "outsite."

On the other hand, scattered all over the country, or for that matter the Western world, groups of people have gotten together, both in the country and in the cities, completely devoted to a communitarian philosophy and self-disciplined, in most cases closed to commune-shoppers, vagrants and journalists.

Some groups have been in existence ever since the end of the Second World War. Then of course, there are a number of religious and a few secular communes which have existed for generations—the Hutterites for four hundred years.

WHAT MAKES for stability and a meaningful life in a commune? Careful selection of members. A passionately held ideology or religion shared by all. The most successful communes have always been religious. Strong leadership.

Few people are willing to face the brutal fact that all libertarian movements have been dominated by powerful leaders—Bakunin, Kropotkin, Mahkno, Alexander Berkman and most non-libertarian communist movements have been totalitarian, from the Meunster Anabaptists to the Left wing Maoists or the neo-Trotskyites.

Communes have been most successful and long-lived when they have had charismatic leaders, who at the same time knew how to handle people diplomatically, and who had a wide range of practical knowledge and abilities, who knew how to keep books,

fix the plumbing, cook, tend babies and discuss the fine points of the philosophy of the movement.

In America, which historically has seen hundreds of communes come and go, the agrarian ones, unless they were made up of people who were farmers or peasants in the first place, and then only if they were held together by supernatural sanctions, have failed.

CITY BOHEMIANS, however passionately they may wish to get back to the land, usually make a mess of it immediately, and hardly ever are successful in the long run. They get tired.

Farming is hard work, a kind of highly skilled unskilled labor. I know of no agricultural commune in the recent movement which is completely self supporting—much less shows a profit. Yet well-watered, arable land in the old mixed farming belt, which replaced the eastern deciduous forest, should be able to support comfortably at least two people to the acre: with modern intensive farming methods.

Although prices in the Strout and United Farm catalogues for well-equipped but no longer profitable farms in upstate New York, West Virginia, northern Wisconsin and so forth, have doubled in the last three years due to the commune craze, these places from which farmers used to retire at fifty are today supported by income from outside work, checks from home, welfare and food stamps.

Almost all urban communes are in fact cooperative living arrangements; the members go out to work and pool their income.

The ideal arrangement would be a commune in pleasant countryside within driving distance of a big city with most of its food coming from vegetable gardens, and with some cows or goats for dairy products, but with its principle income earned by a combination of crafts and small manufacturing.

This was the solution of Oneida and Amana, two of the longest lived, which still survive as joint stock companies. One of the Bruderhofs, a secular movement modeled on the Hutterites, was successfully making toys the last I heard of them. Another makes maple syrup and sugar. How many others are there like this?

The Joffrey Ballet

california appearances, 1971

by bill anderson

Last time I came to Berkeley to cover a cultural event—the living theater—my ride let me off at the corner of Dwight Way and Telegraph and I turned the corner to see flames 20 feet high: another riot! Real theater!

Three years ago I really dug this New York based company; it seemed much looser than classical ballet, which is pretty anal.

The company, partially supported by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, has been in the Bay Area for better than a month, working with 150 Berkeley students in several phases of dance, including set design and choreography as well as performing skills.

Now Margaret and I go into the Zellerbach Auditorium on campus—it's one of those concrete structures you see everywhere, with bright colored panels and all open space inside—we're waiting to get turned on.

"Trinity," the first piece, known as the 'Berkeley' piece because it was developed last year during a six-weeks stay of the company in Berkeley, is dominated by Christian Holder, a black dude built like a discus thrower, with those big calf muscles.

Normally, if you watch black people dance, you'll notice they don't go leaping around so much; they dance like Antaeus, the mythical hero who got his strength from contact with the earth: knees bent, shoulders dipping down. After all, you get nothing from the air but air! But Holder and the other dancers seem to be four feet up, crossing each other in mid-air as if slung from the absolute corner of your eye.

And when they walk I think there's something really perverse about art—why can't it deal with the ordinary movements, the natural movements of life? And there's a rock group working, but just as the drums start to come in like the Beatles and the music begins to work, the dancers make little subtle movements like a kind of sexual teasing, and escape into their beautiful leaps.

Later on the same brother, Holder, dances in a piece called Astarte. She was the goddess of sex. I sure would like to see a work of art showing an interracial liaison that doesn't wind up with everybody getting wasted—Astarte, danced by this wild looking white woman named Nancy Robinson, eventually does Holder in, crouching over his exhausted body like some kind of succubus.

After the performance we go over to a friend's place and get stoned. The apartment is full of ferns and I walk around touching them, talking to them. "Sly and the Family Stone" is on the hi-fi and everybody is truckin' around, feeling good. I walk over to the window and look out into the night and then turn around and dance a little myself, wondering why we all pay good money to watch other people get up on a stage and do their thing?



It's the real thing in the back of your mind

you must love me as much as you love your fantasies.

*come honest to the bone.
peel away the lies
(i'm afraid)
"be yr stone self & i will always like you."
"you sure?" "i'm sure."
(i'm afraid)
it's not that i lie, it's just
sometimes i like to hide a little bit.
that's a lie, i don't like
to have to hide at all.
here, here is my hand. see the
nails aren't pretty. these hands
are strong & can make music
& fix a press.
here, here is my body. it's 28 years old &
birthed 2 children. i have "funny titties"
because those children loved my milk. i don't
look like what you've been taught to want. my
body looks like me, like a strong woman
who has survived a lot & come out
dancing.
here i am.
(i'm afraid)
here i am.
here is my face. the nose looked like this
before it was broken. the skin is scarred (i
wish i could say the scars are from sea/sand
blown harshly against my open face) the high
bones indian. sometimes i'm beautiful. some
times i'm homely. sometimes you will reach
to touch me in wonder & sometimes you will shrink away.
(i'm afraid)
it's my face & i stand behind it.
here i am.*

Alta

SF Bay Guardian, 1971

JAMES RIDGEWAY

Nixon's health reform program--two insurance companies doing the job of one

The health "reforms" probably will be a main issue of contention in the Presidential campaign, not only because Senator Kennedy seems to be running on the issue, but because the chaos in health care has spilled over into the middle classes and Nixon can scarcely shy clear of the problem.

While the government repeatedly has promised health reform, Nixon routinely reduced expenditures and opposed new health programs while he has been in office. The government excused opposition to piecemeal changes because "revolutionary reform" was in the works.

Thus, the government said it wanted to support medical schools and medical training centers but actually cut back the monies allocated for medical research and scholarships. To show his enthusiasm for training medical professionals, Nixon asked for less money for student loans. He also signed an act permitting health professionals to do alternative draft service by prac-

ticing medicine in areas where doctors are scarce, but the act was never put into effect. The administration sought unsuccessfully to close down public health service clinics where the new doctors were to practice. Of Nixon's six vetoes, three were to stop expansion of health services.

He vetoed the 1970-71 appropriations bill for HEW; in a revised bill which finally became law, health programs were drastically reduced. Funds for children's dental service were eliminated entirely, as was \$10 million originally planned as additional aid to vaccinate school children against rubella.

IN HIS health message, Nixon said he was unhappy because "50 percent of poor children are not even immunized against common childhood disease." But he didn't mention that the government had cut off funds for mass immunization programs or that when the Vaccination Assistance Act ran out in 1969, he had opposed its extension.

In all likelihood the health

reforms will be modeled after the Medicare system which has turned out to be a ghastly mess, largely because it is managed by Blue Cross and the large insurance companies. During the Medicare debates of the early 1960s, the medical profession and Blue Cross vigorously argued against Medicare.

Then, when it appeared the battle was lost, and the bill about to be passed, Blue Cross changed its line and supported Medicare. Almost before the bill was passed the Blue Cross Association, the trade association and management arm for local Blue Cross plans, was nominated by hospitals to act as intermediary under Medicare.

The Social Security Administration, directly in charge of the Medicare program, employed Blue Cross in most parts of the country to actually administer the program on a local level. Thus, a big public insurance organization, Social Security, employed a big private insurance

Continued on page 21

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JULIA CHEEVER

Women's place in the comic strips--"Don't worry, Tiffany--I'll settle this!"

DR. SCOTT Miles, handsome, confident, knowledgeable, has just told the comic strip heroines of "Apartment 3-G" that their neighbor Millie Forman "has a problem," revealed by her hysterical laughter. Now he comments that all women's problems seem to be related to men. Tommy, the capable nurse, agrees with his analysis and looks over to him to ask why.

Actually, for all his knowledge, Scott Miles isn't perfect. He's brash and he's overly interested in food, helping himself to tuna fish casseroles and peanut butter sandwiches in Apt. 3-G without invitation. In spite of these faults, however, he's still a hero--just a modern kind of hero, somewhat like the young doctors in "M*A*S*H."

The "M*A*S*H" doctors are rude, boyish and non-conformist. They play some cruel practical jokes, often at the expense of women. But the movie gives them a kind of moral superiority. Everything they do, whether as doctors or pranksters, comes out right. The audience, sensing this, can feel secure and laugh at the escapades because it knows that the doctors (unlike the women and other men) are on top of every situation.

In the same way, Scott Miles' detached wisdom serves as a secure background for the women's problems in the current episode in Apt. 3-G. The cocky young

STEVE ROPER



his friends fix and play with their bicycles, failing to shoot a ball through a basket while her brother laughs, and holding a doll while her brother plays with an astronaut costume, rockets, and trucks. The only time the little girl seems successful is when she invites the little boy into her playhouse in the backyard and shows him her dishes.)

The women in Apt. 3-G might be considered "career girls" since they all have jobs. Actually, their jobs are the most common surrogate wife/mother occupations: secretary, nurse, and teacher. They take care of children and the sick, provide quiet support for men, and defer to male power. Margo, the glamorous secretary, brings her boss coffee, comes when he calls, and sits by respectfully when he falls into one of those rages allowed to high-powered executives.

THE WOMEN are competent in their jobs, which is acceptable because their work is conventionally "female," but in

stead with the sweet blonde Lu Ann, a shadowy Madonna image.

Other comic strips in the Chronicle/Examiner give less subtle images of women. In the comic strips centered on male heroes, women are usually simple stereotypes of women attached to men, like June, Dr. Morgan's devoted nurse, or Honeydew, Steve Roper's Southern-drawling secretary.

In her comic strip, the model and actress Tiffany Jones does not derive her status directly from men. That's because her occupation (which is, after all, being a glorified sex object) is one of the few in which women are supposed to excel. But it usually takes a man to help her out of her exotic adventures.

"The Heart of Juliet Jones" this year showed Julie's marriage to Owen Cantrell. Julie now stands quietly in the background while her wise, capable husband makes decisions and takes the lead in emergencies. That doesn't make for a very interesting heroine, so the comic strip is now concentrating on the romances of her sister Eve.

Recently, a few comic strips (Apt. 3-G, Steve Roper, Steve Canyon) have found it necessary to deal with women's liberation head-on by producing a character from the women's liberation movement. Their solution to the problem is simple: have the women fall in love with a male hero, recant and disappear.

Occasionally, this scenario can land the author in an awkward corner--for example, the women's liberation episode in Steve Roper. Before she abruptly fell in love with Mike Nomad, Peggy Pulaski had even proved that she could do a "man's" job (delivering bundles of magazines) better than Mike.

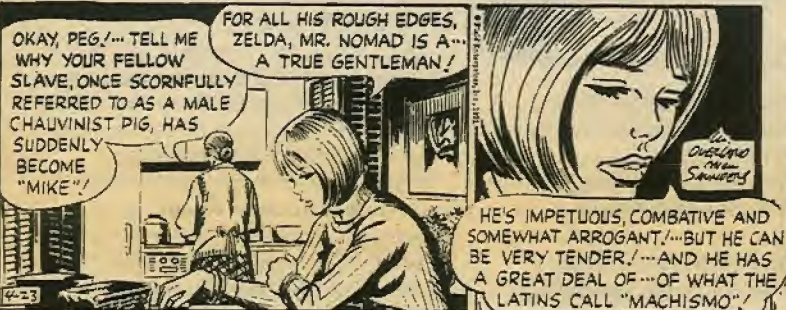
MIKE REFUSED her advances (predictably, since a major character can't get married) but that still left the problem of the job discrimination she and other women had complained about at the beginning of the episode.

Authors Saunders and Overgard tried to gloss over the problem by ending the episode with an unusually absurd incident of carnival counterfeiters, apparently hoping the excitement would make us forget Peggy's grievance.

The women's liberation episode in Apt. 3-G went more smoothly. The militant woman and the man she was battling were both incidental characters, so they were easily married off.

Meanwhile, Margo, Lu Ann, and Tommy keep on struggling--this month, to help warm, bubbly but uneducated Millie who needs only true love from her husband to be made completely happy as a housewife.

Is it surprising, with these kinds of descriptions of women, that the clever doctor in Apt. 3-G comments that women's problems are related to men?



APARTMENT 3-G



doctor is just a variation on the reassuring backdrop provided by Walter Cronkite on the news (or Professor Papagoras in Apt. 3-G or Steve Roper in his comic strip).

SCOTT MILES' comment on "female chauvinism" is a good touch. It shows how Apt. 3-G is a bit more sophisticated and urbane than other comic strips in the Chronicle and Examiner, such as Steve Roper and Rex Morgan, M.D. or other old-time adventures such as Brenda Starr, Mary Worth, and Winnie Winkle that neither newspaper bothers to print. As far as chauvinism goes, though, Apt. 3-G ranks no higher on a women's liberation scale than any other comic strip--or than most movies, books, TV shows, advertisements, magazines, or children's books.

(A Harper and Row first grade reader, new this year, shows a little girl watching her brother and

the comic strip we don't hear much about the jobs as jobs. The jobs seem exciting only when they bring men into the women's lives--when Tommy is assigned a famous patient, when Margo meets a successful young businessman, when Lu Ann's student has a handsome older brother.

Alex Kotzky's comic strip deals with women almost exclusively in relation to men. In the competition for men, Margo, who seems the most realistic of the roommates, always loses out. The reason is that she's unable to reconcile two contradictory characteristics expected of women.

On one hand, women are expected to be innocent and good. On the other hand, they're expected to be successful in sexual competition. Unfortunately for Margo, her desperate obsession with her appearance and with the competition shows through too much, and men fall in love in-

RIDGEWAY

Continued from page 20

agency, Blue Cross, to manage the system.

Under the Medicare system, Blue Cross is meant to keep close check on hospitals to insure they provide adequate service and don't overcharge, and the Social Security Administration is meant to keep close tabs on the Blue Cross to make sure it is doing a proper job.

But this arrangement is nonsensical on its face: Blue Cross was organized and is still controlled by hospitals through the American Hospital Association. The association owns the Blue Cross trademarks and approves the operations of local plans, including rate schedules. Policies of local Blue Cross plans are established generally by self-perpetuating boards of directors; two thirds of the members are either doctors or hospital administrators.

AND IN the federal government, the head of the Social Security Administration's Bureau of Health Insurance, the office which oversees Medicare, is Thomas Tierney, a former Blue Cross official.

These ties might be passed off as merely symbolic were it not for the way the program is run. Neither Blue Cross nor the Social Security Administration will release to the public basic reports made on the Medicare program. (Reports made by the Social Security Administration and called "contract performance reviews" are passed on to members of the Senate Finance Committee and the House Ways and Means Committee with the understanding that they can not be made public.)

Not wishing to antagonize the Social Security people, with whom they work on a day-to-day basis, the congressional committees go along with the arrangement. The documents are kept secret under the Freedom of Information Act, which permits the government to classify information as "internal correspondence."

But some reports are available and they suggest what is really going on with Medicare. Reports by the HEW Audit Agency, a section of HEW charged with checking into various programs within the department, shows that Blue Cross was allowing hospitals to utilize certain payment formula under which the hospitals were charging Medicare for maternity care and private rooms.

While there is no clear estimate of how much is involved, the HEW Audit Agency estimates total costs could be as much as \$1 million for each large hospital. In some instances, the agency reports, Blue Cross actually encouraged hospitals to change from one formula to another so that they could include such costs as maternity care.

AND THE HEW reports indicate that Blue Cross does not have the capability for checking out hospital books and records to make sure they are accurate.

There was, for instance, the case of a Medicare patient in Puerto Rico who awaited an operation for more than 50 days in a hospital room. Things are such a mess that the Social Security Administration has stationed its own personnel within Blue Cross offices to help the plans run Medicare.

But the public doesn't generally know anything about this. What Social Security and the congressional committees are saying is that Medicare costs a lot more than expected and that the rates must go up. What has happened, of course, is that the general citizenry, through tax payments, and individuals over 65, through Medicare charges, are footing the bill for an inefficient medical system.

In this instance, old people who are hard pressed to get by under any circumstance are helping to pay the cost of two insurance agencies employed to do the job of one and they are supporting a system which allows inefficiently managed hospitals to pass on their exorbitant charges.

Hospital practices must change for there to be any sort of real improvement in health care. People simply must be treated by teams of paramedical personnel in their own communities. They need care in their own homes or in local clinics, last of all in hospitals. And treatment must be preventative in nature.

These changes, as obvious as they may seem, run counter to the interests of medical practitioners clustered around hospitals, and it is hard to imagine such reforms could be brought about through Blue Cross which is owned by the hospitals. Yet the Medicare system, dominated by Blue Cross, looks like the basis for Nixon's health reform plan.

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Eloise from the Guardian



The dream of life

By Bill Anderson

(THIS ARTICLE is one of three on the pre-trial hearings for ruchell magee and angela davis. Magee is accused of murder, kidnapping and so forth in the affair at the marin county courthouse last august 7th, where judge haley and convicts mclain and christmas died. Magee, who has a fourth grade education and an IQ of 75, according to the loosiana prison system, has managed to delay the pre-trial proceedings for months because he wants to a) represent himself and b) remove the case from state to federal court. Most people, if they know of magee at all, think of him as a walking dead man. Angela davis, who is accused of supplying the guns used in the affair and of planning it as well, has been held in virtual solitary, no bail, for months.

Since george jackson's death, san quentin officials are insinuating that if it weren't for permissiveness, or radical lawyers or underground newspapers or something, all the violence in california's prisons wouldn't be happening. It's virtually impossible to get any idea of what's going on in any aspect of the prison struggle—except in court hearings, where sometimes it's possible for an observer to pick up the 'feel' of the situation. We then dimly see the outlines of political struggle. This country has never distinguished between political prisoners and 'criminals.' (Many black people consider that just about any black person in jail is a political prisoner, in that if he had any money he wouldn't be there.) But it seems clear that political consciousness and actual political organizations are arising in the prisons of California. Documents and affidavits by 'convicts' giving some details of this political struggle are beginning to be smuggled out of the prisons, but naturally such information is at an occasional shaft of light against the darkness.)

No, says the judge, he wants to move ahead with the case. Mister moore is going to argue a motion. Graves, the lawyer appointed by the court to handle some aspects of magee's case, jumps up to say that magee has a point and he would like to go along with ruchell and it's OK judge to go ahead and fire ramsey since he, graves, intends to rehire him to work on the same investigation for the main case (a change of titles, in other words). That's OK with magee isn't it? Graves looks at magee.

NO. MAGEE reminds graves that he has no authority to appoint anybody because he's illegal himself, appointed over magee's objections. Graves nods, conceding this point (he's very quick). Judge says it doesn't make any difference because he's not going to do anything about the habeas corpus anyhow. He's going to hear the next pre-trial motion argued by mister moore. Mister moore? (Graves is frowning and wiping his face. Magee is sitting there, looking slight, dominating the court. But where is ramsey, I wonder. The bailiffs sway back and forth, unconsciously, like fish moved by the tides. The court reporter stares into some oceanic distance as his fingers dance on the stenotype. Yes, I'm thinking, fire ramsey and hold the hearing on the los angeles case.)

Moore gets up to say he wants to file a petition on behalf of angela to remove this case from state to federal court. The judge looks as if his mind was blown. (There has been a meeting between all the defense lawyers, members of both defense committees, angela and ruchell. After a lot of arguing ruchell persuaded angela, not her lawyers, to support his efforts to force the courts to follow the law and suspend all proceedings until the case is removed to federal court, on grounds that the state has persistently violated his constitutional rights by imprisoning him for eight years on a guilty plea his court-appointed lawyer made against his will.)

Of course, moore says, the mere announcement of the petition is sufficient to suspend all proceedings. The judge nods as if to say yes, he knows that (what! hasn't magee been saying the exact same thing for weeks, and nobody been listening to him?)

Arnason asks attorney general harris if he has anything to say. Yes, indeed, harris says, he thinks the whole thing is outrageous! what proof has the court that this, this petition (he picks it up and flips it back down) has actually been filed. (Magee is cracking up. He's stage whispering 'that makes two petitions in front of him now. He (arnason) won't listen to mine, I wonder if he'll listen to this one.'))

O no, says arnason to harris, there could be no doubt that such an eminent blah blah... if moore says he filed this petition, he filed it. Magee breaks in to harangue harris. The court never takes magee's word for anything. Magee despises harris and corrects him every time harris says anything at all. Magee calls him a buzzard. That's his name—buzzard harris. Arnason, freaking out, tries to break in long enough to adjourn court and refer the case to the federal court. He says magee should be polite. But magee begins to cuss arnason out in turn, for after all why would you expect a man on trial for his life to be polite?

JULY 9 (san francisco federal court)

ANGELA AND ruchell come into court looking good. Magee has no chains on, and he swings in and sits down. He's given hearty handshakes by the lawyers and angela kisses him warmly, twice. Judge conti, a fairly young, tight-faced man comes in, the light reflecting off his glasses so he seems to be glaring at the people. Lot of black government employees in here. 'Draw near, . . . ' intones the bailiff and we begin the hearing on Angela's petition to remove the case from state to federal court.

Conti reads a statement denying that he's prejudiced. He won't withdraw from handling magee's and angela's appeals from the state court. Then he asks if earnest graves is present. Graves stands up. 'Are you the attorney for mister magee,' conti asks. 'No, I don't represent magee,' graves answers, and he doesn't. 'You did present a bill to



marin county for. . . (Over seven thousand dollars. You did charge the county 350 dollars a day? Conti is talking viciously to graves, who is standing in shock. \$50 an HOUR! Conti's voice rises in outrage.)

Magee tries to present some papers. 'You have no place in these proceedings,' Conti tells magee. He refuses to discuss anything except angela's petition for removal. 'If I have no place in these proceedings, then why am I here?' magee asks reasonably enough.

ATTORNEY GENERAL harris says nothing because conti is doing his work. Magee keeps trying to present his papers (a petition for disqualification of conti directed to the next court up—the 9th circuit court of appeals) and conti keeps trying to MOVE ON, threatening to remove him, and finally ruchell is taken from the court (quietly enough) to a holding cell with a loudspeaking system. 'Turn up the loudspeaking system to the

she began to teach in los angeles, was shadowed and persecuted solely because she's black and communist. The very charges she's accused of now are just the latest instances of this persecution by the state. Therefore, the case should be removed from the state to the federal court.

Conti waits til moore finishes, harris gets up and mutters something and then the judge denies the petition for removal and announces he has an additional order. Magee can be brought back in to hear if he will 'behave.' Magee is brought back in (but you can be sure the bailiff didn't ask him if he would 'behave!') and he immediately tries again to serve the judge with a notice of appeal to the 9th circuit court to disqualify this judge.

Earlier appeals are already on their way to the supreme court, magee says, because conti has violated his basic, first amendment, constitutional rights (access to higher courts for redress of grievances.) Magee is referring to conti's order of march 31 that the federal courts will no longer accept magee's papers. They may only be 'lodged' with the clerk of the federal court until a federal judge decides his papers have 'merit.' And as far as judge conti and assistant attorney general harris are concerned, then, such papers literally do not exist. Many times harris has insisted magee has no papers on file, so how can the state be accused of suppressing them?

HOW CAN conti hold hearings, magee goes on, without allowing him to present evidence? For eight years magee has had no opportunity to appear before a judge to present any matters. His efforts to do so have earned him names like difficult and disorderly and insane. For eight years, magee says, it's been clear as sunshine that he's been railroaded. It's gradually becoming known, magee says, just how the state operates—the poor man, the little man is not only denied justice but is actually accused of doing what is being done to him.

Yes, says conti, I've heard all this in your previous petitions. No one is trying to violate your rights. We're just trying to do OUR job. Do you have anything now to present in this hearing?

Magee is taken away again, he's asking to be taken away, laughing in disbelief and contempt. 'I have to hand it to you, judge, you're a slick man.'

Now conti announces his new order. He will accept no more documents on removal from either angela or ruchell, and will only permit them to be 'lodged' with the clerk of the court until reviewed by another judge (so in effect they will disappear). He can't ignore the obvious, conti says, if he let it happen, magee himself could mimeograph 365 petitions, one for each day of the year, and then sit in quentin and send one in each day and then conti would have to respond to them, he would have to acknowledge them and he has no intention of sitting by and permitting the courts to be abused that way.

Harris leaps up and suggests delicately that there might be other ways to handle



THE FIRST PART OF JULY, marin county courthouse

COURT OPENS more than an hour late and judge arnason is getting more and more uptight about at least starting to hear pre-trial motions so he asks howard moore, angela's chief attorney, is he ready to begin arguing. Moore gets up to say magee wants to say something. (When I came in I was wondering where henry ramsey is, with his investigation of the los angeles conviction. Ramsey, a hot-shot local black attorney, was appointed to investigate and then argue before judge arnason whether they should hold a full hearing on the los angeles deal.)

Magee starts right in. Where is ramsey? Not in court, ready to argue, at any rate. In that case, says magee, who needs him? Ruchell gently reminds the judge that after all habeas corpus (the instrument he's using now) is supposed to be a thing that gets you speedy justice—so what's the point if the lawyer, ramsey, isn't prepared to go ahead, isn't even in the courtroom? Therefore, says magee, will judge arnason please dismiss ramsey and grant an immediate habeas corpus (an evidentiary hearing to find out if the ten dollar los angeles kidnap case was invalid.)



maximum,' conti says solicitously to a deputy marshal. 'Don't bother,' says magee in disgust, and he disappears.

The faces of the black people in court are studies in beauty, concentration and anger—the women with their heads thrust back, listening closely. The black civil service workers were laughing and inattentive at the beginning of the hearing but now they're shaking their heads.

Moore is now arguing before the court, saying angela has been the subject of continual harassment from the time



this vexatious problem—for example, the law says a pauper can't indefinitely file papers in court—because this whole matter might very well become a test case and harris would prefer a case just a little bit stronger (as far as conti's rules are concerned). O, says the judge, in that case I'll withdraw the order as far as angela is concerned. So only magee is gagged. And the conspiracy between the state and federal government rolls on like the sea.

JUDY MAZIA

A scrutable list of food and wine in Chinatown

"Better you cook yourself," says Mrs. Rose Chang, a Cantonese cooking teacher in her funky kitchen at 1611 Washington St. "You'll live longer."

Mrs. Chang's recipes, perfected in her successful restaurant days in Orleans, France, and soon to be published in cookbook form, scrupulously avoid unhealthy quantities of MSG and cornstarch now plentiful even in the best Chinatown restaurants.

Mrs. Chang has begun educating her classes beyond the chop-suey-fried rice syndrome with exotic recipes like "A Nest of a Hundred Birds," an indescribable vegetarian concoction flavored with dried seaweed, dried red dates, dried bean curd (which looks like slices of gjetost) and ginko nuts. Also: "Steamed Eggs with BBQ Pork," a delicately flavored custard creation akin to the Japanese chiwan mushi.

Let us follow Mrs. Chang as she shops for her cooking ingredients along Stockton St., the Chinese food capital of the city (and perhaps the U.S.). Her recommendations:

THE TIN WAH NOODLE CO. (805 Stockton) makes all kinds of fresh noodles: egg roll and wonton skins, suey gow wrappers, egg noodles and "soup" noodles (an eggless, economical variety).

WING FAT LUNG CO. (945 Stockton) is a small but first-rate Chinese grocery for such staples as Texas Patna rice (the Chinese favorite-California rice is soft and mushy), five-gallon cans of peanut oil (sine qua non for wok cookery) and soy sauce.

A real delicacy here is canned ham from mainland China called gum wa, which is almost legendary; the pigs are nurtured on hot rice, bok choy leaves and the like—never garbage!

Tea, says Mrs. Chang, should be purchased in small quantities to insure freshness; woo loong is an excellent black dinner tea (to aid digestion of greasy food), while you might choose jasmine or lichee tea for a deem sum lunch. (Wing Sing Chong Co., 1076 Stockton, is a larger import-retail operation; you might find Chinese rice wine, a close cousin of sake.)

GAMN GOOD ONE (1041 Stockton), whose unforgettable name is a transliteration from the Chinese, is famous for whole roast suckling pig, not to mention its very fine lop chong or Chinese pork sausage (excellent steamed with cabbage) which is leaner than that made by Kwong Jow (1157 Grant). BBQ pork, BBQ spareribs and fresh tofu are other specialties.

WING CHUNG PASTRY CO. (1100 Stockton) has one of the widest selections of deem sum pastries in Chinatown and plain fun, or rice noodle, for making chow fun if you ask for it.

THE YING CO. (1120 Stockton) carries a full line of Chinese dishware and cooking utensils. The Ginn Wall Hardware Co. (1016 Grant) is a better bet for woks, although Mrs. Chang believes that a good old-fashioned American frying pan will do equally well if not better.

THE TOP QUALITY MEAT CO. (1200 Stockton) supplies meat in quantity to the restaurant trade, so it's not surprising that it offers great quality and prices. Their fresh lean pork is noteworthy as are their better cuts of beef (of which flank steak is the perennial favorite for everyday Chinese cooking).

LEE WO PRODUCE CO. (1201 Stockton) has a complete selection of Chinese vegetables at low prices, including the hard-to-find Chinese mustard green. For absolutely top-quality produce Leong Thick Hing, 838 Jackson, is unbeatable.

SUN SANG MARKET (1205 Stockton) has the best fresh duck in Chinatown. For Peking Duck Mrs. Chang recommends about a 4 lb. bird—larger ones will be too tough. Frozen lobster tails, giant prawns and ready-cooked Chinese dishes are other specialties.

For fresh chicken and squab the Italian Market (966 Grant) has a much-deserved reputation; their chickens are specially raised on corn and rice and bear little resemblance taste-wise to their supermarket counterparts.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN FISH MARKET (1207 Stockton) has a fine selection of fresh fish every day of the week; favorites are carp (excellent for steamed fish or fish cakes) and rock cod (fried in sweet and sour sauce). Abalone and crab are available in season and water snails are sold during the Moon Festival (which falls on Oct. 3rd this year); the latter must be carefully soaked for several days to expel any poisonous matter.

You may see cages full of bull frogs on the floor of the market—the only source for fresh frog-legs in the Bay Area (the rest are imported frozen from Japan).

About now you should start seeing moon cakes in Grant St. windows; Eastern Bakery (720 Grant) makes better ones than Fong Fong (824 Grant) and both bakeries make Chinese wedding cakes (on order) which are a smaller version of the moon cakes with sweet bean and egg or meat fillings and traditionally furnished by the groom's family as a dowry in reverse.

If you'd like to try mastering the basic principles of Cantonese cuisine yourself, Gary Lee, Johnny Kan and Mrs. Ma have written some pretty good cookbooks.

To learn first-hand how to mash a slice of ginger root with a single blow or peel the hairy skin from a Chinese cucumber, try Mrs. Chang's classes (\$4 per lesson in her home, Mon., Tues., Wed. 1-3PM or 7-9PM, 474-2548). She also teaches at the Chinatown YMCA and the California St. Cooking School, but her cozy yellow kitchen on Washington St. is something special.

Before you pay \$70 to \$300 for an Alpha feedback device . . .

By Leroy Breslow

The Alpha wave feedback theory has worked successfully in the laboratory but its commercialization may not.

Dr. Barbara Brown, a pioneer in Alpha, lambastes the commercial devices as "utterly stupid and misleading...the components alone would cost \$600."

John Sinclair, one of the first to build an Alpha device and a researcher at Mendocino State Hospital, argues the opposite view. Dr. Brown's statement would have been correct two or three years ago, he says, but is not any longer.

The only intelligent way to resolve this controversy is to submit the Alpha wave devices to an agency like Consumer Reports for a quality test. Unfortunately, it will probably be some time before the Alpha machines receive enough scrutiny for the consumer to be sure he's not picking up the electric current from the lamp next to him, thinking he's turned on to Alpha.

The people marketing Alpha devices are in fact selling miniature electroencephalographs (EEG), very complex machines indeed. If the machine is not of high quality, it may not pick up Alpha rhythms, or, just as bad, it may pick up other rhythms and make them sound like Alpha.

DURING BETA states, in which we spend most of our waking lives, short bursts of Alpha patterns speed through our brain. With proper feedback from miniature EEG devices we can learn to prolong and intensify these bursts of Alpha.

Learning to control Alpha is something like learning to shoot a basketball accurately. You shoot and the ball bounces off the rim. You shoot again and again, compensating for each miss until you become proficient at putting the ball through the hoop. This same principle applies to Alpha control, with the EEG device allowing you to see—or rather hear—your misses.

If it works properly. There are a few things you can look for to confirm the machine's capabilities and perhaps save yourself from a substantial loss (the Alpha devices I saw run from \$70 to \$300.) The following observations are purely subjective and grew out of my personal research into several of the Alpha wave devices manufactured in the Bay Area. The important thing to remember is that Alpha is a subjective experience: be as certain as you can that the Alpha device fits you, that you feel comfortable with it, and that it will not hinder you from letting go.

There should be some method of controlling the tone. On some Alpha devices you can hear a steady electronic drone until the wearer strikes an Alpha chord; then the tone flutters. Personally I found this drone discomforting and felt that it inhibited my Alpha production. On the other hand a friend of mine got off on it. I preferred no tone except when I produced Alpha.

EACH SELLER of Alpha devices should show you how to

use the machine at his expense. It's not complicated and shouldn't take more than an hour of trying it on and asking questions. One think you should be sure to ask: does this device record eyeblinks or other muscle activity? Most of the machines I tried on monitored eyeblinks and I had some difficulty at first distinguishing eyeblinks from Alpha flutters.

There should be some method of monitoring progress—that is, improvement in frequency and amplitude of Alpha production. The Bioscope, marketed by the Bio-meditation Society features an excellent device for measuring improvement. Their device enables you to cut out the lower amplitude of Alpha. In other words you should have a base line where you produce Alpha easily—say at 20 microvolts. If you set the device at 25 microvolts, then all Alpha rhythms below 25 are not recorded. Thus you have a goal to shoot for.

Once you produce 25 microvolts

easily, then you can set the machine for 30. One company, the Phenomenological Systems Incorporated, plans to provide an optional feature which would allow their customers to record their Alpha waves on tape, send it in for analysis, and receive a report on their progress.

ONE WARNING issued by almost everyone with whom I spoke: the Alpha devices should be battery operated and should not send electronic impulses into the brain. Up to now I haven't seen one which violated these prohibitions.

Do not buy an Alpha machine unless it has a money back guarantee on both parts and success. According to Dr. Kamiya, some 10 to 20% of his subjects could not learn to produce Alpha at all. Those figures are reason enough to demand a money back guarantee from every manufacturer—in writing.



SHARON RUFENER

How to feed 4 Danish peasants (or 4 American ones) for under \$2.00

A lamb-cabbage mixture may not sound like much of a culinary experience, but it is delicious. The vegetables cut the heaviness of the meat and add a fresh flavor. The wonderful lamb essence transforms simmered cabbage into something superior.

Breast of lamb; at 20¢-40¢ a lb., is one of the best meat buys you will find. Well-trimmed versions, called "lamb spareribs" and "riblets," are also good buys at 40¢-60¢ a lb.

Danish Lamb-Cabbage Casserole (serves 4)

2 sides breast of lamb (3-4 lbs before trimming) or 2 1/2-3 lbs riblets or spareribs
1/4 cup flour
1 1/2-2 lb head of cabbage
2 large stalks celery, diced (about 1 cup)
1 1/2 cup sliced onions
2 Tablespoons salt, a few shakes pepper
2 cups beef stock or bullion

Cut the meat into pieces and brown in a little oil. Sprinkle the flour over the meat. In a 5-6 quart casserole, arrange layers of meat, cabbage and onion-celery. Sprinkle with salt and pepper as you go. Add the stock to the meat-browning pan drippings and scrape to blend. Add the liquid to the casserole, cover and bake at 350° for approx. 1 1/2 hours. Serve with a hot, crusty bread.

Do-it-yourself Soda Pop

For 35 cents a quart, you can buy a chemically-flavored, artificially colored, bubble-machine-carbonated, sugar-loaded bottle of pop.

For a mere 5 cents a bottle, you can make a natural-flavored, chemical-free, champagne-fizzy beverage that won't rot your teeth. For centuries, the Scandinavians have brewed a light, summer's-day version of the fermented mead which kept the Vikings going through the long winter nights.

All you need to make your own are a few cheap ingredients, some pressure-designed bottles (pop or beer, with a lip at the top for a crinkle-edged cap), a bottle-capper and some caps. (About a \$4 investment at any wine-making supply house. You can use them for home-made beer, too.)

Finnish Sima (makes 3 quarts)

3 quarts boiling water
1 large lemon
1/4 cup brown or raw sugar
1/4 cup white sugar, plus 3 tablespoons more
a large pinch of dry yeast
9 raisins
3 quart bottles

Carefully pare off the yellow part of the rind. Peel and discard the white membrane. Slice the lemon thinly. Add the lemon rind, lemon, 1/4 cup brown and 1/4 cup white sugar to the water. Cool until tepid. Sprinkle the yeast over the water and allow to ferment 12 hours. Put 3 raisins and 1 tablespoon sugar in each bottle. Strain enough of the fermented liquid into the bottles to come part way up the necks. Cap the bottles and let them stand at room temperature for 2 days (to build up a good head of steam). Chill until ready to serve.

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By Gil Green

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By Alec Dubro

FOR WEEKS I've been trying to put together a piece on heroin, me, and the subculture. Try as I might, though, I find that the subject keeps running away with itself. It's too big to be confined. All I can tell is what I know, see and feel about heroin.

IN 1965, in New York City, I took the "A" train to Harlem with a black man, and waited, a scared kid, in about four bars while he ran around. He eventually came back with four glassine envelopes of heroin that cost me, altogether, \$24. In 1969, I could have bought the whole island for that. Both were poor investments.

PHARMACOLOGICALLY, heroin is diacetyl morphine, formed by boiling crude morphine base with acetic anhydride. Conceivably, it could be done in a kitchen, with very few pieces of equipment. In point of fact, most of the world's heroin is put through its final refining in and around two cities—Marseilles and Bangkok.

In Bangkok, there is reportedly a street lined with impressive bank and trade buildings. They are all heroin companies. None are banks. They all process and sell heroin made from the opium of the Fertile Triangle. In France, the heroin chemists must be more discreet.

IN 1967, in Cambridge, I met a friend who had a steady connection for Dilaudid, a prescription narcotic similar to heroin. I met people who were into heroin. Within a few months, I had my first habit.

I met people who cashed fake narcotic prescriptions and people who ripped off drugstores. Before long, getting drugs wasn't as much a problem as keeping away from them. It would be a long time before I would begin to sever my relationship with hard narcotics.

HEROIN IS actually a combination of irresponsible technology and Third World enslavement. Heroin was refined from morphine late in the nineteenth century, sold openly as cough medicine and touted as a cure for morphine addiction. It is both.

But, an abundance of illegal heroin could almost certainly not exist without an exploitative policy of imperialism. Opium was grown commercially in the U.S. before the Civil War, in South Carolina. The climate in the South hasn't changed. It's just that native slaves must now be paid.

Opium is a crop that resists mechanization. Cheap hand labor is needed to make it commercially possible. Cheaper, even, than farm workers are paid in the U.S. Opium farming must be transferred to abysmally poor nations where the peasants' survival depends upon an ecologically and nutritionally useless cash crop.

To maintain peoples in such

a state of dependency requires an intentional policy of economic exploitation and military repression. People have better things to do with their time than to cultivate fatal drugs. To break this dependence requires socialization, and the imperialist powers are seeing to it that this doesn't happen.

Intentionally or not (and I favor the first) the U.S. perpetuates the conditions that make the continued production of heroin a necessity.

I'm not claiming the U.S. invented narcotics addiction. Very few of the miseries that the U.S. is perpetrating on the world are new. Even nuclear weaponry was largely a European invention.

The U.S. is simply the global grand master of packaging, advertising and distribution. Americans can (or could until recently) sell anything to anyone. If they don't need it, in time they'll think that they do. Heroin is no exception.

SUMMER OF 1970 on Telegraph Avenue: Heroin on the West Coast is generally sold in tightly tied rubber balloons. For some reason, West Coast heroin is brown in color. It costs from \$10 to \$15 a quarter teaspoon. It's the same old shit.

After two intervening years of sporadic use, I begin to get into a regular pattern of use. Once a week, I cross the bridge from San Francisco and score on the Avenue. Then a few times a week. By late fall, it's virtually every day. Borrowing money, selling possessions, pawning things.

But, in the summer, I notice a rhythm on the "Ave" that's a little hard to live with. People spend all their time buying, selling or shooting dope, ripping stuff off and selling it, or burning someone with bad dope.

Either that or talking about it. There is no time for anything else. A lot of people I know, rebellious, potentially dangerous to the power structure, are reduced to petty thievery and full-time loitering. They are problems to themselves, to their friends, a medical problem of great proportions, and a pain in the ass to some retail merchants and to the police. But as a serious social threat, they, I mean we, become negligible.

"Have you noticed that there aren't any more riots in Berkeley since smack got big?" one of the more awake avenue junkies once observed. I said that I hadn't noticed, but that it was something to think about. But first, I had that balloon to think about.

OK, YOU'RE saying, maybe, just maybe, the U.S. helps create the conditions necessary for heroin production. But, that

doesn't explain why unnumbered pampered white kids are drawn, moth-like, to a flame they know will harm.

A good question, and one that the newspapers never tire of speculating upon. Let me try, and begin by giving you a few previous examples:

It is 1866. The North has won the War. Two important advances were made during the War: saturation shelling and the introduction of morphine. Sometime before the War, a Dr. Wood invented the hypodermic needle.

Somehow, the use of intravenous morphine remains popular even after the apparent wounds have healed. Morphine addiction affects a large proportion of veterans (the number isn't known). It becomes called "the Soldier's Disease".

It is 1945 and the Empire of Japan no longer exists. The Emperor admits he is not divine. The unbeatable armies of Japan have been destroyed.

The Japanese, who invented the substance in the 1920s, had stockpiled a great deal of methedrine, ostensibly for use by pilots. When the war ends abruptly, some speculator acquires the methedrine and begins dumping it on the market.

There is no civil government to control its use. Within a year or two, there are over a million methedrine addicts in Japan, particularly among the young. Controls, when they are enacted, are, as usual, ineffectual.

But, what does that have to do with us?

It is 1970. The U.S. is about to receive its first military defeat. A black rebellion continues to divide the people. The government was seen, in Chicago, not to be the democracy it purported to be, and maybe it never was.

The new president reigns by default. The nation is in a state of extreme anxiety over pollution, overmechanization, police repression and a lack of meaningful work for its citizens. A plague of heroin addiction breaks out in the young.

Who are the victims in each case? The socially dispossessed. The rootless. The leaderless. The cheated ones. However they may appear, this, in greater or lesser degree, is youth, who through an external war and an internal rebellion saw that they had neither a past nor a future they could believe in.

But, many could believe in heroin.

IN 1967, in Cambridge again. Mike O'Brian had just gone through the plate glass window of a Brighton pharmacy and emerged with the entire narcotics

locker. He's dealing out of the 17th floor of the Boston Sheraton. He's big money now.

He also found an ounce and a quarter of cocaine, then a rare drug. He offers me some which I shoot and very promptly overdose. Within half an hour, I'm reasonably sure I will live. I'm ready to deal, and I get a bargain: 100 1/2 grain morphine tablets for \$50. On credit.

In a few days, I come back, pay him and buy another 100. Within a week or so, I'm taking 12 a day. Six grains. In a few weeks, the morphine runs out.

It's cold in Boston in December, and I'm waiting in an unheated basement on Tremont St. Waiting for Bill to come back with the heroin he's buying from the Puerto Ricans.

Two heavy men in suits walk in the front door. No knock.

"We're looking for drug users. Roll up your sleeves. Look at this, what's it supposed to be, a rash? Then why did you say you didn't use drugs? Search him."

Bill walks in, sees what's happening, says he's looking for a room to rent. They don't believe him.

"Roll up your sleeves. What's this supposed to be, a rash?"

Stan and Benny walk in. The police begin to feel a little uncomfortable. They relieve me of a perfectly good outfit (syringe and needle) and a sheath knife given to me by Boy Scout Troop 13, so I don't hurt anyone.

Says Sgt. Murphy (or Shaughnessy) "We've got enough to bust you (he holds up a dirty spoon) but we won't this time. Get clean. Next time it's jail."

Thanks for the warning officer. We're out on the street in ten minutes, score in 15 and will be back again real soon.

Like I said, I could believe in heroin. It gave me excitement, new friends, a full-time job and, for 20 minutes a day, peace of mind.

BILL, SOMEBODY else I can't remember, and I score three bags of heroin. Bill holds out the three like "pick a card." I take one. At Bill's place, theirs is heroin, mine is milk sugar.

It gave me a faith, too. Why else would I take those chances. Not for love or money. But for dope, you betcha.

Why? You might as well ask why, I did.

It seemed natural enough. I mean, all my life I'd been taking some kind of generally bogus medicine. Thyroid pills for lethargy. Allergy shots that didn't work. Pills for this, pills for that, pills for nothing. I took them because I was told to take them. I knew I didn't feel any different when I took them except sometimes I'd feel worse.

So, finally, here was a medicine that actually did something for you. And, usually, I felt better. "Heroin works like a doctor's prescription." "Feel better, fast, fast, fast! Shoot smack!" A huckster's dream. A powder that causes shakes, sweats, cold, constipation, arrest, divorce, loss of consciousness and death, and people will pay \$10 for it. With-

out a fancy wrapper.

But, still, you say, not everyone is addicted to heroin. Why only some?

Psychologists never tire of defining "the addictive personality" and list causative factors: unstable home, lack of strong father figure, dominating mother, blah and blah. Sure, that was me. We are in a transitional time—as the divorce rate climbs, and sex roles become different, those factors are affecting ever-larger segments of the population.

Criminologists say that three conditions are necessary for drug addiction: an addictive personality, a supply of drugs and a means of getting them together.

I talked about the first two. What brought us together? Other people—people I was drawn to out of boredom, desire to be different, out of rebellion or just to gain entrance to a then-secret world. I don't know.

BERKELEY 1970. Frank has just scored \$50 worth of dope. I'm broke and nosing around for a taste. Finally, he gives in. I take a little, cook it, shoot it. I awake, I don't know how much later, in a cold shower. An overdose, fancy that. In a half hour, I feel like I'm going to throw up my entire alimentary canal.

WHILE A heroin habit isn't a particularly easy thing to acquire, requiring patience, dedication and a thorough suspension of disbelief, getting rid of one is even harder.

I had been doing about \$15 worth of heroin a day for a few months, had sold virtually everything I could spare, borrowed all I could and pawned the rest. Somehow, I felt all the time that I couldn't keep doing junk, that my habit had a beginning and that it had to have an end.

Some of the foreseeable ends, such as death or a prison term didn't particularly appeal. So, with a great deal of procrastination and pain, I went to a hospital to withdraw. When I got out after physically withdrawing, I knew I needed more.

I entered another hospital that offered a fair chance of success. It's been a number of months, and I'm leagues from where I was when I entered. The changes I've been through and the ones I have yet to go through require another article to describe. I'm sure every addict decides he's tired of being a victim. Whether he or she is capable of dealing with it is something else.

The same goes for my views on heroin in general. None of the conclusions I've expressed are new to me, although maybe the terminology I use is different. Heroin is still here. The conditions I stated aren't really changing.

Kids and minorities are still suffering the heroin plague. As long as we exploit the rest of the world, the heroin chickens will come home to roost. But, to know this and to do something about it are two different things.

I feel I owe it to myself to struggle with my own drug problem, and, when and however I can, to bring about the end of the conditions that make the heroin plague an inevitability.

The solution to addiction is revolution. Within and without.



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— OM SHANTI —



There's lots on TV to titillate the fancy of your average cretin — me

By Jon Carroll

FOR A while I never talked about it at all. I just went and did it. Oh, sometimes a few close friends would drop by and watch, or watch me watch (I was never sure which), but I never told anybody. What would they say? I had achieved ecstasy with Milton and Dante, found wisdom with St. Augustine and Martin Buber. What would Schopenhauer have thought?

(Remember the stripper in "Pal Joey"? Zip! I was reading Schopenhauer last night. Zip! And I think that Schopenhauer was right." I always dug that line. It's like you lined up all the Western philosophers, judged them against objective reality and came up with a winner. Schopenhauer gets an A and Marx gets a D+. And Nietzsche gets an incomplete.)

Then after a while the proletariat came back into favor, and it was cool. So I came out of the closet. Yes, I told everyone, it's true. I watch television.

Oh, they would say, being extremely liberal and tolerant, I've watched television myself.

No, no, I would persist. You fail to apprehend the distinction. Not past tense. Not: Oh, sure, I watch the conventions every four years and the Kennedy funeral was certainly moving and my wife really enjoyed "The Forsythe Saga."

Wrong. I watch "Mannix." And "The Newlywed Game." And "Let's Make A Deal." And "The Courtship of Eddie's Father." And "Monday Night Football." And "Stump The Stars." And "Wide World of Sports." Regularly. And, irregularly, I've seen episodes of "Petticoat Junction" and "Celebrity Bowling" and "The Flying Nun" and you-name-it.

I DON'T watch quite as much TV as I used to, and I

blame it on a decline in quality of the product. Why don't they make programs like they did in the good old days? Where are you now, "M-Squad" and "The Avengers"? Whatever happened to "I Spy" and "Omnibus"? "Quo Vadis," "Burke's Law" and "I Married Joan"?

But still, there's a lot on to titillate the fancy of your average cretin, which is to say, myself. Lots of detective stuff, especially, I was delighted to see, in the upcoming new season. Peter Falk plays a detective, Rock Hudson plays a detective, Dennis Weaver plays a detective, William Conrad plays a detective and Robert Conrad plays a detective.

(William Conrad, for those of you not into these things, is a chunky, balding actor who used to be the voice of Matt Dillon on the old "Gunsmoke" radio show. He'll portray a private dick named Cannon come September. Robert Conrad is a muscular pretty boy of no discernible talent who nevertheless got involved in one of the most outrageous television series ever produced—"The Wild Wild West." You can catch it in reruns every weekday at 6 p.m. on Channel 2).

Now, I love detective shows. I always want to know who done it. And, depending on the circumstances, how done it, where done it and why done it as well. As soon as someone says it's unknown, I want to know it.

I was discussing this matter with a friend of mine, a gracious lady who is currently serving three years to life in the city room of the San Francisco Chronicle. She, too, is an addict of detective television. And we decided that it all had to do with curiosity.

**EVERYBODY'S CURI-
OUS,** but reporters are more curious than most folks. In fact,

we think, they become reporters to find a socially acceptable outlet for their raging curiosities. A good reporter wants to know everything.

Professionally, that's just swell—usually, he doesn't even have to plan what questions to ask; his natural instinct for the unrevealed fact will stand him in good stead. He is compelled to discover all; the more personal (therefore, the less well known), the better.

There's a seamier side to all this. Reporters tend to know a great deal about the personal lives of their friends, and to be able to make reasonable guesses, through observation, about the gaps in their direct knowledge.

And beware. A reporter will, if left alone and low on will power, go through your medicine chest, read your letters, paw through your bills, check out your refrigerator, shuffle through your closet and in general poke, pry and peer into your secret existence.

Of course, the poor fellow won't admit it. You wouldn't admit it either. Outrageously curious people are generally imbued with the instincts of a spy.

So (watch this circle close up nice and tight), that's why detective shows are so attractive. If a real medicine chest isn't handy, a made-up one is almost as much fun to go through. If we never find out who the Zodiac killer is, we'll at least know who killed cock robin. (Keep your eye on the sparrow in that caper.)

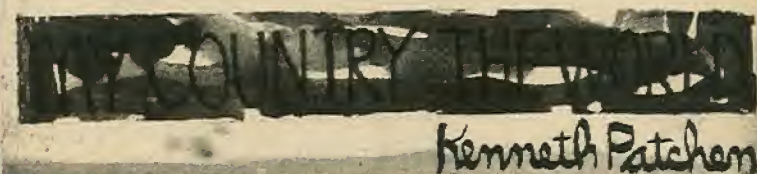
So doctor, that's why I spend my evenings with "Mannix" and "McCloud." If I didn't I'd just be roaming the streets reading other people's mail. Maybe next time we'll talk about "Let's Make A Deal."

These sessions take a lot out of me.

The San Francisco Bay Guardian September 27, 1971 page 25



Two Patchen picture-poems



San Francisco Bay Guardian, Inc., 1971

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MUSIC

JON CARROLL

I COULD, of course, do the standard number--take the best known new rock and roll (or whatever) albums and write long, intense critiques of their relevance to our revolutionary consciousness and their precise location in the esthetic hierarchy. Where I stand on the important musical issues of the day. Criticism as politics. I'd like to make one thing perfectly clear.

Or I could just turn you on to new albums that somebody else has turned me on to or (occasionally) that just came unheralded in the mail and turned out to be, against all odds, worthy of your ear.

These will be lesser-known releases by lesser-known artists--I assume that everybody who cares already knows that, for instance, the new Rod Stewart album is worth clasp to your bosom. But have you heard about "Church of Anthrax"?

"Church of Anthrax" (Columbia C-30131) is an amazing two-man overdubbed jam session. One of the participants is Terry Riley, a "serious" modern composer whose album "A Rainbow in Curved Air" (Columbia MS-7315) impressed lots of people who are not easily impressed. The other is John Cale, late of the Velvet Underground and fresh from his first "solo" album "Vintage Violence" (Columbia CS-1037), which featured some of the best and weirdest rock and roll ever recorded.

Together, they bang around on various keyboards and reeds and guitars, having a perfectly swell time and producing intricate, perplexing, evocative rock and--well, not roll, exactly. Rock and roll? My favorite cuts are the title song and "The Hall of Mirrors In The Palace at Versailles," which sounds exactly the way you think it does.

There's also a short vocal track with sub-standard John Cale lyrics called "The Soul of Patrick Lee." I wish it wasn't there, but it goes by quickly enough.

"We Came To Play," The Persuasions (Capitol ST-791). Who are these people in their fancy warm-up suits grinning-out at you from a ghetto basketball court? This album was heavily hyped (we ace rock reviewers got a free basketball out of the deal), and I was mightily prepared to dislike it, on the generally sound formula that the heavier the hype, the worse the record. But this is one swell album.

The Persuasions (God knows what basketball has to do with anything) are perhaps the best of the once-numerous a capella groups. A capella singing, as an R&B style, demands a large amount of discipline and timing, and these fellows have it all. Listen to the old Sam Cooke hit, "Chain Gang," the first cut on the first side, and then buy the album. It'll make you feel good all over.

SO WILL "Bring Me Home" (Reprise RS-6431), the latest from Mother Earth. I never liked Mother Earth very much--Tracy Nelson sent nothing up and down my spine but ennui, and her band seemed listless--but she's gotten better and so have they.

Just listen to her push everything along on "I'll Be Long Gone" and "Temptation Took Control of Me and I Fell." Watch her breathe some balls (certainly the mixed metaphor of the month, maybe of the year. I was going to cut it out of the final draft, but I kind of like it) into James Taylor's usually limp (dear me) "Lo and Behold."

This is the kind of album that makes you say "Alright" with a bout 17 different inflections, the way good country music should.

Charlie Musselwhite has a new album ("Takin' My Time," Arhoolie 1056) on Arhoolie, the small Berkeley label, and it's quite good in a modest sort of way. Musselwhite is still a tough harp player (although only an average singer), and his piano player, Skip Rose, is just amazing. Listen to him especially on "Two Little Girls" and "Takin' My Time"--clean, straightforward, soulful piano with no bullshit at all.

In his early days, Rose played piano on the Bobby Freeman hit single "Do You Want To Dance" (under the moonlight, squeeze and kiss me all through the night--oh, I loved that record) and later toured with Bobby Blue Bland and James Brown. He sure is good. So, for that matter, is the whole record. You'll be delighted.

And my favorite source in New York tells me that we didn't miss anything by not going to the George Harrison-Bob Dylan concert. The music, she says, was indifferent, and the humidity oppressive. One less thing to worry about. Thank God.



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BARRY LESCH

At least Lennon says it straight, 'The dream is over.'

Culture heroes who make records shy away from anything that smacks of social advocacy because they can never act merely through their work. They can only lose sales.

They're held responsible for the acts of others "provoked" by their rhetoric. They're censored and censored. The current which keeps them lit up atop the pop scene--the making and advertising of records--is cut off. Fewer sales, less exposure, fade-out.

In their music and in their lives, the culture heroes of the Sixties--Dylan, the Beatles, the Stones--kept themselves covered from advocating any particular course of action, except turning on. They developed an ironic or detached, fence-sitting social perspective which now, listening to those scratchy old favorite albums, we can detect in virtually all their work, from early Dylan through "Eleanor Rigby" to "Working Class Hero."

You can get plenty this way from musicians as talented and social critics as perceptive as they. But you get nothing new, no new vision of the world--just a critique of the old vision of the world. And eventually you get albums like "Ram," "New Morning," and "Sticky Fingers," and the most recent John Lennon album.

Listening to these albums, we cringe to hear the heroes of another day thrashing to free themselves from the trap of being a culture hero.

ON "NEW Morning," we have a Dylan who extols the coming of a dawn with rabbits running across the road while he lounges about with his love underneath a blue sky. Bucolic isolation is now Dylan's bag.

The Dylan who once incisively observed the social landscape of the Eisenhower-Kennedy era can now, in "Day of the Locusts," watch a man next to him with head exploding and only hope the pieces won't fall on him. Even "Three Angels," a song with social reference, is merely a banal retread of "I Dreamed I saw St. Augustine." Like Hemingway, culture hero of another age, Dylan appears doomed to egotistical posturing and the caricatured reiteration of his earlier work.

Following Dylan off the stage is Paul McCartney. "Too Many People," in "Ram," pleads for more privilege for the fucked-over--too many people who can't sleep late, too many who go to bed hungry each night. But the same song disdains the working man trapped in that deadly work world!

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Cartney asks what you're going to do when your lucky break breaks in two--neglecting to mention how he busted his ass to get his break. At the conclusion, his love is waiting for him and him alone and he asks what all you lost souls with all those broken breaks are going to do now.

That arrogant, detached Mc Cartney reappears in "No. 3 Legs"--"My dog got three legs, your dog got none"--and in the gloating victory he gains over the other fellow in "Dear Boy."

WITH JOHN Lennon it's different--but not that much. He's the most uncomfortable of the former culture heroes with the contradictions of that status, the most aware of them, and his music makes us the uneasiest. Lennon doesn't desert the role of social critic in "I Found Out," cutting through the rhetoric to the frequent ripoffs hip "brotherhood" has meant these last years. "Working Class Hero" has something valuable to say about society's brainwashing process.

But for the young people growing up in this difficult world, Lennon shows a McCartneyesque disdain: "You're fucking peasants as far as I can see." All the beautiful people have failed to find another key to play: so write them off. Everyone's headed into the facile category of deluded slave, and the counter-culture aristocrat can now wash his hands of the dirty, stinking mess.

At least Lennon presents us with a declaration of independence from each other. "The dream is over yesterday. . . I was the walrus, but now I'm John, and so dear friends you just have to carry on. The dream is over." He says it straight.

You can chart out the demise of Dylan, Lennon and McCartney, by their declining sales, their failure to gain new listeners. But the Stones are still holding on to their image as outcasts, supposedly well-acquainted with the murky side of the underworld, and their fame.

EVEN SO, "Sticky Fingers" is the first Stones record to give me the feeling I've heard all of this before and better. Even though the music fits together better, tighter, the energy level is down. As always, the

Stones are a puzzle. They came on that way, now they're going off that way.

All along the Stones have prospered by evoking the "evilness" that hip rhetoric can cover but not destroy. Yet their dead flowers motif of being one up because of being defeated less than their enemy leads nowhere.

In "Wild Horses": "Faith has been broken. Tears must be dried. Let's do some living after we die." But that's just too late. Back in the old days, when the Stones stirred up trouble there was always the implied hope of getting it all straight before the end. Not any more. The Stones' image has swallowed them up, it seems, and now they are merely producing music to satisfy the demands of the image.

Speaking of images: Altamont has become the symbol for the death of the way of life we thought our culture heroes stood for, and it's as usable here as any other. On the stage that night, the Stones (standing in for the Beatles, Dylan, Janis, Hendrix, lots of others) paid their dues as culture heroes.

It became clear then, if it hadn't before, that music was not simply singing and playing--it was rather a trigger for powers beyond their control. They had brought that human force together by the lesser power of their name and their music, but then they had nothing to offer it. The symbolic world of music confronting the uncontrollable world of action. The culture heroes become catalysts for chaos.

"Sticky Fingers," like the other works mentioned above, draws back from the chaos, from the naive faith in the positive social power of pop music.

Footnote: it's a downer to write this way about the men who made music as great as "Sergeant Pepper" and "Route 66" and "Beggar's Banquet." The least you can do, reviewer, is show your gratitude for what they have done--how they have taught us so much about the foolishness of the world, given us so many hours of joy and inspiration. And show compassion as they fade, thrashing, into their separate lives. As we all do, waiting for the new genuises who will at least show us again how our lives are not separate.



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Or am I speaking thru my sestina?

I am watching a television program by the BBC called: *Earthquake: The City That Waits To Die*. it's about San Francisco where the fault is locked without creepage. this unreleased strain will break suddenly within the next 30 years. it will be a colossal disaster. 100,000 people expect to die but it can't be you. the city fathers and land developers the speculators and engineers all the money boys to whom real estate is religion ignore the warnings of scientists while the people, as usual, remain unaware of the full extent of the danger. is prophecy not part of poetry? or am I speaking thru my sestina?

Coda for a hairy dance

I like cats licking
their paws
kids playing
in marble ruins
cool nites &
sharp stars on
Greek hills
youths dancing
with heavy movements
in tavernas
bawling bouzouki
with ouzo throats
& resin blood
crackling palms &
villas that peel
& the sun burning
my skin coppery
gold
& words
rolling
crashing
like waves
without end
& without beginning
fantastic yarns in all tongues
cascading visions
dreams jokes
passions happenings
minute after minute
without end
ebb & flow of a
fabulous opera
aardvarks hippogriffs gula birds
gila monsters
hula dancers
hipsters drifters princes
drinking & smoking
together in bars
with a yen
to make one & one
add up to
if not now WHEN!
the whole arsenal of
experience
in a surprise
package
of images like a
concentrated pill that
hits the central nervous
system
exploding there--

the secret
coiled too long in the
brain--
comet language
streaming thru the
cosmic ink!
ban! ban!
kimono! hum!

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their supergalactic
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for our parasensitive
years

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apocalyptic
the dervish whirls

in the Tower of the Winds
by ye gifte shoppe
the gita curls
in our pubic bush
unknown energy
baffling Einstein's
radiant gaze
calendars in his hair
pop
zip
zotz

for which we offer
our surprise package
popcorn
hot dogs
& french fries
cigarette cancer
the wonders of cirrhosis
myotosis
strombosis atherosclerosis
flatfeet badbreath heartfailure
blueballs
chancres tumors and the clap

Ah maya!
your glyphs!
your eternal return!
kinchiltun! alautun! yes!
what a cycle that
alautun!
23,040,000,000 days! now
there's a calendar
for you!

Chichén Itza!

O scary world!
your hairy galaxies!
space without end!
foto of 22 billion years!
Glub!
blank inscrutable
world stuff!
noon is nothing
more than
an angle of the
sun!

I stick my head
out the window
--cat pissing
on newspapers
students singing
peasant woman in black
looking suspicious
as usual
shoos the cat &
scratches her crotch
yawning
at the stars
that look down
on this acropolis night
from their mystery
cold sharp indifferent
points of fire
shocking
like electrodes
they snap my brain
--who cares?
I am not yet dead!

Harold Norse

SF Bay Guardian, 1971



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Mao Tsetung

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JACK GILBERT

The reinvention of woman

We live predominantly in an amusement culture. Even LSD has become a toy, sexuality is mostly recreation, Jesus is a season's enthusiasm and Viet Nam protests for many are an occasion to have a good time with friends.

The arts, which should be one of our main defenses against this corruption of significance, seem headed the same way: Robert Bly in his with-it serape theatrically reading (again and still with relish) his poem about the burning Vietnamese babies to applause and smiles.

Art today seems divided between fashionably systemic art (Frank Stella or Don Judd) and the frivolously personal (the Art Institute's this-is-our-toilet intimist style). It gives us a choice between Versailles and making bread (the Petit Trianon). Which is one of the reasons it gave me great pleasure to see the exhibition of Agathe Bennich's paintings at the University of California Extension Center.

Her work matters to my life. It communicates a specific woman seriously painting about her authentic world. Pictures of the artist, of her nakedness, of her man, of their land, of their friends--but without being merely intimate, not just cozy peeps at the real laundry. Nor is it the pretty intimacy of Bonnard.

It's not even the inversion of Vuillard's sweetness into something determined to be grubby or funky. Her paintings are effortlessly genuine while being personal statements in the largest dimension she can manage.

She seems to think by painting, to arrive at an understand by making. These canvases seem to define by demonstrating instead of lecturing. It is this attempt to define which is one of the major accomplishments of the work.

Especially her obvious attempt to understand what she is as a woman. Since the beginning, women have been defined by men--and become that thing men said they were. Now, this week, we are watching the first attempt to reach a definition through women.

It seems reasonably clear that it won't do to search for what a woman really is. She is no more a natural thing than a man is. All are born as a complex of vague potentialities. All are malleable, men and women. The forms we invent, the visions we create all determine which of the alternative possibilities we will be shaped into.

WOMEN ARE freeing themselves from the old, man-given definitions; but they are faced with the bewildering situation of redefining themselves (and hopefully in ways closer to the true nature of the vague, genetic spectrum) without any examples.

It is of no use to be shown Jackie Kennedy or Mamie Eisenhower, Florence Nightingale or Madame Curie. These paintings seem to me a seeking for some understanding of what the woman is by listening to what is within, rather than listening to what she is told from without: whether by men or by the likes of Simone de Beauvoir.

Intimately connected to this is the theme of sexuality in these paintings. The artist uses her own sexuality and flesh as a material for her work, much as Cezanne used the landscape of Provence. The richness of her apparent sensuousness is played off against the death of sexuality in such canvases as "Bodies Everywhere Not Touching" and "The Moan-Sigh."



In these later two paintings, we are shown elaborate tangles of nudity and genitals which convey the terrifying mechanization of sex today, the cool failure at the frantic center of orgies. This is contrasted to the wonderfully erotic self-portrait called "Being" in which the individually sensual is anchored in and indistinguishable from a particular woman and her life. This painting, which is my favorite, has a truly heroic quality: fusing the great substantiality of the person, the woman that person is, the sexuality of the two together and the extraordinary excitement of the amalgam.

AGATHE BENNICHI was originally Swedish, and I suspect her experience of the Scandinavian reasonableness about sex accounts for the stress on sexuality in this show. She knows that mildness is fatal to the great world we inadequately call erotic. That gigantic mystery we confuse with coition. That major magic we so often make minor.

It was interesting to see how uncomfortable the intimate

sexuality of this work made the students when they sat in the gallery (which is their lounge at the Center). If the paintings had been merely pornographic, I'm sure they would have presented no difficulty. Instead, they are combined with a profoundly personal quality which says: you must change your life.

So often Americans seem at home in emotional poverty. They seem to have little capacity for the world's richness. Despair seems more comfortable than rejoicing. Not just because there is such injustice in the world, but because it is easier to commit oneself to it alone than to confess that there is for most of us at the same time an extraordinary abundance.

To accept this latter truth forces us to be responsibility for the failure (or success) of our personal life even as we work to bring about a more just world for all.

These paintings convey the struggle which produced them, but they stress the joy of living one's life. Of being. It is one of their great virtues--among many others.

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FILMS

ELIZABETH FISHEL

A conversation with Joan Didion, 'I began to feel I was touching things better let lie.'

Joan Didion looks oddly out of place on an antique chair in her brother-in-law's house in Beverly Hills, like a doll left by mistake on a Hollywood set. She could easily have written about the room we talk in, with its touches of wealth and idleness, the ornamental collection of lions, the copy of "Zelda" on the mantelpiece, the photos autographed from starlets.

The writer is wearing a white dress her five-year-old, adopted daughter often borrows as a bathrobe. She speaks almost in a whisper, as if afraid someone who overhears the wrong things might creep from behind a corner and stab her in the back. Her face is all eyes, her limbs thin, if not brittle. Nothing in her looks or manner even hints at the artistic authority that controls her novels.

"I'm not self-effacing once I get to the type-writer," she explains, perhaps to reassure me. "That really is the only place where I feel basically easy, the only place I feel in charge. I never feel in charge in my own house; I sort of drift through it."

She has written two novels ("Run River" and "Play It As It Lays"), co-authored two screenplays ("Panic In Needle Park" and "Play It As It Lays"), and already been compared to Fitzgerald and Nathanael West. but she looks thankful she can get through a day without mishap. In the kitchen, she spills the powder while fixing instant coffee, fidgets with her cup and spoon as she talks and, finally, swallows two bufferin to get her through the interview.

"I think that one reason I started writing was because it was very hard for me to talk to people," she explains, hesitating before she goes on. "I don't like to interview people when I'm doing reportage, but it's much easier for me to interview people than to be interviewed. I'd rather do an interview than go to a party, for instance."

I CAN almost picture her at a Hollywood party—the woman who clutches her dress all evening to hide a Bloody Mary stain, the one who would rather talk to the family's ten year old daughter than to the tanned stuntman from MGM showing off for her benefit.

And though her career has often been glamorous and repeatedly successful, I am finally not surprised that she talks more about her shortcomings than about her talents, more readily about what she calls "the unspeakable peril in the everyday" than about New York literati or the Hollywood scene.

Ordinary routines threaten her more than most people. "I was almost 30 before I could talk to my family on the phone without crying after I had hung up," she once wrote. She confides to me other things, as she



smokes and fidgets, her feet barely reaching the floor, "I didn't feel grown-up till after I got to be 30; I didn't start to feel myself until then."

"I started my first novel, 'Run River,' in New York because I was homesick," she says, remembering the first years after she left Sacramento, raised in a small family and a large, tightknit family clan. "That's why there's too much landscape in it, too much social detail. I wanted to see what would happen if you had a closed society and somebody broke the law. At what point would that society close around and protect him? Sacramento was then a closed society in the process of becoming open."

After eight years in New York, she published "Run River" and established herself as a freelance writer with a series of essays in the "Saturday Evening Post," later collected in "Slouching Towards Bethlehem."

"There used to be a comic strip when I was little called 'Invisible Scarlet O'Neill,' about a girl who could press a vein on her wrist and become invisible." She laughs a little at the memory. "Invisible Scarlet O'Neill was a reporter, of course."

Nevertheless, Didion met and married a reporter, John Gregory Dunne, then with "Time," now author of "The Studio" and "Delano." Soon after, they moved to Los Angeles.

"Los Angeles is a very peculiar place to live," Didion explains. "It throws you against yourself in a way that most other places don't. It means nothing, so you start dealing fairly radic-

ally with the idea of meaninglessness."

"Play It As It Lays," her second novel, is preoccupied with meaninglessness, the story of a wasted actress who has lost everything—her husband, her brain-damaged daughter, her mother, an aborted baby, friends and lovers—yet still keeps playing the game. "Why?" the heroine imagines a man asking her as the novel ends. "Why not?" she answers.

"It sometimes seems to me as if there's a terrible chain of things women know that are passed down between them," says the novelist.

"Consciousness-raising" worries me because in a certain way all I've got to work with is my conscious or unconscious. There's a terrible thing that happens if you talk something out, it's not there any more, I mean it's lost its power for you."

"Play It As It Lays" is a totally unpleasant book which was unpleasant to write," she admits. "I could have gotten rid of the unpleasant, obsessive images without writing the book. . .but that's what I do—I write."

Lately, she has begun writing screenplays in collaboration with her husband, with some financial assistance from brother-in-law Nick Dunne.

"A movie is a funny thing," she explains. "You don't have the ego investment in it that you have in something you've written yourself, because a movie is the product of so many people."

"We didn't even know how to write a screenplay when we began," she relates. "We learned how by going to the movies."

Even now as the Dunnes' films are beginning to receive notice ("Panic In Needle Park"

Continued on page 29

MARGO SKINNER

"McCabe and Mrs. Miller" (U. A. Cinema, Stonestown)
 "Doc" (New Royal, Empire, El Rancho Drive-In)
 "The Devils" (Music Hall)
 "Panic in Needle Park" (Northpoint)
 "Dusty and Sweets McGee" (Larkin)
 "Klute" (Regency II, Coliseum, New Guild)
 "The Conformist" (Richelieu)
 "Expo '70" (Toho, afternoons only)
 "Le Mans" (Metro II, Spruce Drive-In)

"McCABE AND Mrs. Miller," the year's best picture, is probably the first frontier classic that tells it like it really was.

Bearded McCabe, the easy-going antihero, is a tin-horn gambler and crib operator; frizzy-haired Mrs. Miller, the madam whose big ideas first civilize a primitive zinc-mining town, then destroy her lover. Warren Beatty and Julie Christie superbly portray these weathered characters from another time in Oscar caliber performances.

Director Robert Altman ("M.A.S.H.") has recreated imaginatively a past alien in space and time, yet full of three-dimensional human beings. The settlement of Presbyterian Church, built near Vancouver by production designer Leon Erickson, looks like it dates from the turn of the century and props, from the 1900 steam tractor Mrs. Miller rides into town to the mechanical music box in her parlor house, add to the authenticity.

Altman uses color photography like an artist: interiors of warm, mellow golds; outside, sharp white of real snow and vivid blue of winter sky.

For once earthy language and nudity never jar, but are essential to the story and the time and not included to shock.

Among the excellent supporting cast, Keith Carradine as a young cowboy on a spree and Manfred Shultz, a young Richard Widmark, as his teenage murderer, stand out. The whores are marvelous: the first lot of battered female flesh setting up tent bordellos; the later arriving expensive girls from Seattle, rollicking like children in a huge wooden bath vat.

Shattering frontier mythos is also the purpose of "Doc," an earnest biography of Wyatt Earp's murderous side-kick, directed by Frank Perry. But the "reality" it presents is pretty deadly. (No pun intended.)

Instead of the dapper, tubercular gambler-killer with a poet's face and sardonic wit, we get husky-looking Stacey Keach, as steely-eyed as Earp, played by Harris Yulin, and with as little character.

Faye Dunaway gives "Doc's" best performance as the protagonist's dancehall girl friend, known in her own time as "Big Nose Kate," but despite a gold tooth and occasional artistically applied dirt, she's still a pretty face.

Doc wins her in a cantina card game, it says here. And how's that for a western cliché? Actually, he brought her with him from Dodge to Tombstone, the film's locale.

This silver mining boom town, which in reality boasted an opera house, two hotels with balls for swells, gourmet restaurants and bars, must have looked better than the scroungy set of "Doc."

PERRY'S NEW effort, though superficially resembling "McCabe and Mrs. Miller," lacks pace, humor, gusto and real tragedy. "Doc" is just dull.

Dropping back two centuries, the courtly days of the Three Musketeers really get it in Ken Russell's "The Devils." It is based on Huxley's searing account of sexually hysterical nuns, but the film focuses instead on Urban Grandier, the priest they accuse of diabolism.

As played by Oliver Reed, with lots of hair on head and chest and curling moustachios, he is hedonistic, lusty and skeptical, though with basic mysticism: a very contemporary man.

Unfortunately, only in the scenes in which he, shaven-headed and with racked body, withstands his torturers is Reed really convincing. Earlier his bed has been a lectern for polemics in passionless scenes with Georgina Hale, a passing fancy he inseminates, and Gemma Jones, the innocent religieuse he truly loves.

"The Devils" is best when it's visual instead of talky, as in the magnificent, horrifying, funny Bosch-like sequence of the nuns, some half-naked, all blasphemous, at their most possessed. And the erotic sepia visions of crook-backed Sister Jeanne, played to the hilt by Vanessa Redgrave, have a strange, sick beauty, as does the opening, with effete Louis XIII (Graham Armitage) as Venus rising from the waves in a court ballet.

Often, "The Devils" is strong stuff indeed: Its plague, torture and burning-at-the-stake scenes made me ill. But there is no catharsis for this horror, and no compassion because, outside of Miss Jones' well-played virginal bride, there isn't a fully developed human being in it. With all, it's half a great picture.

Compassion is the hallmark of "Panic in Needle Park," a moving story of a young couple in the hard drug scene. Its dingy, tawdry Manhattan West Side settings and sad, anesthetized people are completely believable, as in the joyless party scene where celebrants shoot up, sit comatose or read comic books.

Kitty Winn, late of ACT, is the lonely girl who finds friends, love and ultimately main-lining in Needle Park. Her unmade-up, sensitive face tears the heart out of you. (Another Academy Award-type performance.)

Director Jerry Schatzberg has come a long way from fashion photography and his slick first effort, "Diary of a Downfall Child."

"Dusty and Sweets McGee," cinema verite of Los Angeles addicts, probably hit me less hard because I saw "Needle Park" first. "Dusty's" characters, young users, really hype on camera, and their purposeless lives are pretty grim.

But the film seems episodic and unformed, perhaps the quality of those lives. These real people never come across as vividly as their reel counterparts in the Schatzberg movie.

Space runs out. Older but still choice: "Klute," a psychological murder mystery, with Jane Fonda great as the call girl. (Who's going to get that feminine Oscar?) "Expo '70," Japan's international fair, beautifully photographed, with lots of human interest; Bertolucci's "The Conformist," or how Fascist executions are made, flawed but gripping; and "Le Mans," one of the year's best, the definitive racing car picture. You can smell the gasoline and feel the terror of the crashes.

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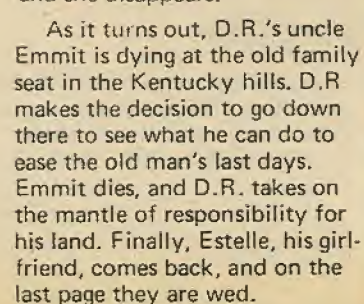
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But the picture of Joan Didion standing stiffly against a stucco wall seems to betray something private. A hint in her eye, in her hands clenched against her sides says she has seen the rough beast slouching towards Bethlehem and is trying to decide what exactly to do next.



THEATRE

ROLFE PETERSON

'Candide' has been streamlined with a verbose and tedious narrator

MOTHER EARTH (Marines' Memorial, SF)**CANDIDE** (San Francisco Civic Light Opera, SF)**THE WHITE HOUSE MURDER CASE** (The Committee Theatre, SF)**HAIR** (Geary, SF)

THE TOPICS of ecology, pollution and population control have already become tiresome from repetition, and I was skeptical when "Mother Earth" proposed to make an evening's entertainment of them. I was wrong and "Mother Earth" is right.

Libretto and songs are only good, but the ten young men and women who make up the cast are superb. Under Ray Golden's direction, they sing, dance and act with rare stage presence and comic flair and, despite the grim subjects of its satire, it's an evening of unqualified pleasure.

Toni Shearer is the one performer I found hard to take, her spasmodic mane-tossing being a mannerism suggestive of Mary Travers in a seizure, but since she wrote the music she can be forgiven. Carol Kristy is a small girl with a big voice and, if this generation needs another Ethel Merman, I think we've found her.

"Mother Earth" plays its second limited engagement through the first week in October at the Marines' Memorial Theatre.

Any fool can plainly see what's wrong with "Candide."

Lillian Hellman's libretto is too long and ponderous for musical comedy. The "difficulty" of Bernstein's music—both for performer and for audience—might also have contributed to its failure in the original New York production 17 years ago.

But today the music seems as pleasant and tuneful as any of Bernstein's scores (the "Candide" overture is even used by Dick Cavett as a theme). Mary Costa has toured in a concert version of the show for 12 years, off and on, and I remember thinking it one of the truly delightful musicals.

SHELDON PATINKIN,

whose "new" version was used for the recent Civic Light Opera production at the Curran, apparently learned nothing from the concert version. Advance publicity about changing and streamlining the show turned out to be balderdash.

Douglas Campbell, charming performer though he is, is a narrator so verbose and tedious that he becomes as ponderous as the interminable dialogues that he is supposed to replace. Entire scenes, like the one on the raft in mid-ocean, are so pointless and dull, musically as well as dramatically, that they cry out for the axe.

The cast is good, Mary Costa in particular as a

past mistress of such fine songs as "Glitter and Be Gay." Bernstein's melodies and lyrics of Richard Wilbur and John LaTouche combine into so many fine songs, in fact, that it's almost worth enduring the dialogue to enjoy the musical gems.

But something ought to be done about that libretto. I'd at least like to know why one actor, who plays several parts, makes all his roles homosexual, to no apparent purpose. If the play was written that way, it would be a good place to start cutting.

JULES FEIFFER

keeps trying to be a playwright, and in "The White House Murder Case" he almost made it. The stage of the Committee Theatre was converted into two separate sets, one a battlefield on which two American soldiers slowly died of the poison gas that their own forces had released, the other the White House where the President and his cabinet tried to figure out what to tell the country about the error.

Both scenes were full of the black absurdity Feiffer sees in modern life, and occasionally it actually aroused satiric laughter and pleasure. But it ultimately degenerates into awkward confusion, and I was left thinking that the parody of a cabinet meeting, with Walter Brooke as the President and William Wintersole as the Secretary of Defense contributing good comic performances, might have made an excellent little spoof. It was a bad idea to try to make it into a full-length play.

"Hair" returned to the Geary for a limited run with most of its amateurishness, sloppiness, pointless din and unsavory life-style intact. The only exceptions were a few individual performers who seemed to me to be more skillful performers than I have seen in previous companies.

BLAKE ANDERSON

actually made the draft-board scene truly comic, for the first time. And Caroline Cunningham was funny as Abraham Lincoln. Even Burger and Claude were less repulsive than they used to be. But I still wouldn't want my daughter to marry one.

The management has made a half-hearted attempt to preserve the original shock value of "Hair" by giving the nude scene brighter lights and extra time, but it just doesn't have the impact any more—if it ever did.

And when the kids parade onstage bearing their picket signs reading "Mary Poppins Is a Junkie" and "Nixon Is Rosemary's Baby," the whole "Hair" phenomenon seems suddenly overgrown with moss.

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MAGIC THEATRE OF BERKELEY

The Magic Theatre (2136 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley, 548-6336) is one of my favorite local groups. Under the artistic directorship of John Lion, the company has consistently demonstrated its brilliance. Even when working with questionable raw material, the group has always come up with something to delight the eye and excite the imagination.

But I was not eager to sit through another version of "The Taming of the Shrew." Shakespeare's play is, after all, profoundly sexist, one of the classic expressions of Western male supremacist thought.

My trepidation in no way decreased when a friend told me that this production of "The Taming of the Shrew" was being played from a women's liberation perspective. That would be quite a trick.

Despite the odds, the Magic Theatre attempted to pull it off. Throughout the production much of the audience seemed to be nervously anticipating the climax. A few "right on's" rang out during Kate's early defiant speeches. Petruchio drew scattered hisses as he declaimed his chauvinist lines. And for a moment it looked as though director Lion was going to make it.

As the rebellious Kate, Lee Harvey was splendidly exciting compared to her "good" sister Bianca, played all namby-pamby by Peggy Browne. Of Petruchio, the shrew-tamer, Christopher Brooks created a serviceable villain, all the more villainous for his snake-like charm.

But inevitably the climax came, and the trick failed. Like Evel Knievel at Caesar's Palace, the prodigious leap fell short of the goal.

The Ending had not been re-written. Kate delivered her speech praising womanly submission to man. To its credit, the Magic Theatre played this scene as a defeat rather than as a triumph. Perhaps this was the "women's liberation perspective" I had been led to expect.

But this simple twist wasn't enough to bring it off. As a statement on the roles of men and women, Kate's defeat was too negative to be uplifting. As a way to end a comedy, the scene was a downer—Kate, sapped of her early vigor, nearly alone on the stage.

That's a pity, because along the way the Magic Theatre proved it could handle Shakespeare as easily as it normally handles its contemporary productions. All in all, the direction, at times a trifle too gaggy, was solid, occasionally inspired.

The secondary characters were uniformly good, especially Robert Hirschfeld, Richard Marion and Victor Alter. Charles Goldman was particularly good as Lucentio, reminding me of Danny Kaye at his best. Sometime it would be a pleasure to see the Magic Theatre have a go at "The Tempest" or "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

BOARDINGHOUSE THEATRE

At the Boardinghouse Theatre (960 Bush St., 474-9841), the Duncan Company of Performing Artists is currently presenting "Uhuru," a musical review that attempts to probe the present realities and the future prospects of the black experience in America.

"Uhuru" was written, composed and staged by Danny Duncan, a super-talented and versatile young man who established his company at the age of 12. His first endeavors were in dance. Bay Area audiences may remember his "Ballet Afro-Haiti" and "Ballet Black" of a few years ago.

"Uhuru" relies quite heavily on dance, much of it quite good in a spectacular, energetic sort of way. However, some of the choreography descends to the level of the tightly-organized and uninspired work that backs up lead singers on TV variety shows.

Fundamentally, Duncan's "Uhuru" fails to satisfy. It lacks a wholeness, a singleness of purpose. Action does not progress in any meaningful way. "Uhuru" is not a play exactly, neither is it a ballet, nor simply a series of skits and songs. The message, which seems always to be just around the corner, is never enunciated clearly.

In all, the show is halting, discontinuous and patchy. Nonetheless, it does have its moments. If the musical numbers at their worst make you long for a softer seat, at their best (as in Ella Jamerson's soul singing and David Gardner's mimicry in "Bourgeois Black") a few numbers are as good as anything you are likely to see or hear on a Bay Area stage.

STONEAGE THEATRE

In the months ahead, keep an eye out for a new group called the Stoneage Theatre, the company that produced a show called "Atlantis" a few weeks ago at Project Artaud, 2800 Mariposa St., 864-8798. The group is currently looking for bookings in the Bay Area, and it deserves to be seen by a much larger audience than it has had so far.

The director of the company is Dennis Coleman, who might be regarded as the "author" of "Atlantis" and who then again might not because so much of the action and embellishment obviously spring from the spontaneous improvisation of the players. The play is about a group of doomed Atlanteans struggling against the disintegration of their society at the hands of off-stage but ever-present Minotaurs. It combines dance-pantomime with poetry narration.

"Atlantis" is an excellent example of a new kind of collective theatre, demanding a totally different kind of audience response than is common in the conventional theatre. The play proceeds with the statement of a theme (the death and rebirth cycle), followed by variations on the theme.

Over and over again, bits of action transform themselves in mid-passage. As a result, the viewer is often confused in a specific way while he is nonetheless at ease as to the general significance of the action.

The Stoneage company's "Atlantis" is not theatre as that term is generally understood. Rather, the group attempts to enlarge theatre beyond mere entertainment toward a merging with ritual. In that sense, the Stoneage Theatre assaults the frontiers of the theatrical experience.

ET CETERA

Another new group, the Free-Way Barter Theatre, opened its production of three one-act plays on Aug. 25 at the Bethany Methodist Church (1268 Sanchez St. 647-8393.) The plays are "Shock of Recognition" and "I'm Herbert" by Robert Anderson and "The Brick and the Rose" by Lewis John Carlino.

The Firehouse Theatre (1472 California, 441-2936) is offering "Still Falling," a work that includes an extended piece of extemporaneous interaction with a member of the audience. When the chemistry is right, it works, when it isn't, it doesn't.

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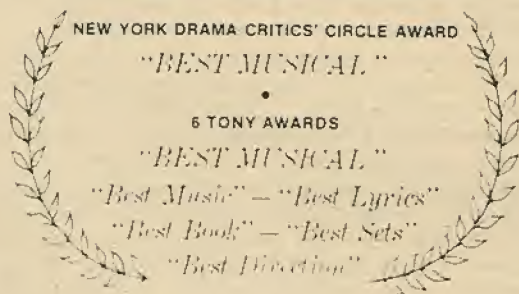
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ON GUARD

Busing — the red herring of SF politics

Let's say it straight out and plainly: busing in San Francisco has become a stinking red herring during this November election campaign.

Only Scott Newhall (bless his heart and bless his campaign) has come out strong and said the sane and decent and necessary things about busing. Mayor Alioto is still thumping the same old tub, trying to divert attention from his federal indictment for bribery and conspiracy in Seattle.

We've got a handful of instant candidates on the single issue of anti-busing (Robert Nelson and Quentin Kopp.) We've got Driscoll panting along behind Tamaras and Barbagelata, hoping the busing hubbub will help salvage his vulnerable seat. We've got Francois (black) and Gonzales (brown) and Mendelsohn (Jewish liberal) and Pelosi (Presidio Heights liberal), all weaving, buckling and lurching about, coming on allegro furioso for "quality education" (translated: anti-busing), busing by timetable (say, 28 years from now) and a know-nothing platform of "running against the schoolboard."

For the point is that, once you slice through the Alioto/Gonzales/Pelosi/Mendelsohn rhetoric, you can find nothing specific they recommend about busing and "quality education." Why? What CAN they do?

We called James Stark, deputy city attorney assigned to the Board of Supervisors, to ask what power, exactly, do Supervisors have over school district policies and decisions. The answer: practically none. The school district is an autonomous political entity under state law.

Could the Supervisors get at the school district through its budget? No, the district is an independent taxing authority, responsible for its own budget. The Supervisors have no authority to increase, decrease, juggle or meddle in any way with its budget, and this has been upheld by the State Supreme Court.

Well, how about the power to remove School Board members? Only the Mayor can do that, and he must bring specific charges of official misconduct against them and make those charges stick at a public hearing. If the charges are upheld, the Supervisors can concur in the decision, but this, of course, is merely ceremonial.

(Significantly, Mayor Alioto, despite his blistering criticism of the school board, has made no charges of official misconduct against any board member. Nor is he likely to. The board is acting under federal court orders, and it could be charged with official misconduct, as well as contempt of court, if it refused to obey them.)

Voters can always recall officials, for whatever reason, but we were told that about all the Supervisors can do is talk and pass resolutions. That's not power.

What do the outspoken anti-busing candidates think they could do if elected?

We called Robert Nelson, the insurance company executive who is chairman of Concerned Parents (an anti-busing organization whose name always seems to suggest that parents with a different point of view must be "unconcerned.") He is easily the most outspoken anti-buser of them all.

Nelson said he thought the Supervisors could control the school board through its budget. He seemed surprised when we told him the Supervisors have no control over the school budget.

Then he said the Supervisors could join the legal appeal on Federal Judge Stanley Weigel's desegregation order by filing a friend-of-the-court brief. This would keep things bubbling politically, but it would have about as much legal effect as an anti-busing resolution, which Nelson also favors.

Nelson says that as Supervisor he would support legislation to put an elected school board measure on the ballot. But this, of course, has been preempted by voters who successfully circulated an initiative petition for that very purpose.

Kopp added one further point: the board could block bond issues for physical improvements in the schools by refusing to put them on the ballot. This is the logical end result of the "rule-or-ruin" philosophy. It wouldn't work of course unless the supervisors could muster majority votes over a long period of time in the face of public indignation.

So what is left for these folk/hero politicians to do: Nothing much, obviously, except to rabble rouse and translate as much as possible of the hysteria, fright and legitimate fears into cheap votes. Taken together, this bunch reminds us of Ed Jump, Mark Twain's cartoonist, and the Jump caricature of 1865 likening the SF Supervisors to a runaway milk wagon careening through the streets and endangering the populace.

Candid politicians could be calmly telling the people of San Francisco some simple facts of life: that busing cannot be resolved in this election for mayor and super-

visors, that busing will be upheld by the courts, that busing at this point is the only way to desegregate and improve schools, that only by broad desegregation and cooperation throughout the community can we make busing unnecessary.

As Florida Governor Reubin Askew recently put it at a University of Florida commencement speech, "For busing—certainly—is an artificial and inadequate instrument of change. Nobody really wants it—not you, not me, not the people, not the school boards—not even the courts. Yet the law demands, and rightly so, that we put an end to desegregation.

"We must demonstrate good faith in doing just that. We must demonstrate a greater willingness to initiate meaningful steps in this area. We must stop inviting by our own intransigence, devices which are repugnant to us. In this way, and in this way only, will we stop massive busing once and for all."

If a governor can say this in Florida, why can't our political leaders say this in San Francisco?

• • •

Note: we urge Mayor Alioto to reappoint Laurel Glass to the school board, but we recognize a lost cause when the mayor starts dealing with Elmer Robinson to name her successor.

We would like to see her run for the Board of Supervisors: her qualities of good sense, decency and political courage would be welcome and conspicuous.

The ooze

It's late July, 1971. Scuttlebutt at city hall has it that Duskin's six-story height limit initiative on the November ballot is "dead."

Early August. Kansas City developers suddenly surface with plans for a hideous 33-story blockbuster—perfectly legal under then current zoning law—for Russian Hill. It stirs the wrath of politically powerful residents of the area.

Aug. 13. Aghast at the prospect of revived public indignation against highrise schemes in general, the Planning Commission invokes a right to "discretionary review" it hasn't used in years and vetoes the embarrassing intruder. As justification, the Commission cites the building's failure to meet height and bulk guidelines in the Urban Design Plan, the \$272,000 two-year study by the Planning Department.

Mid-August. Politicians and developers see the first straw polls showing that the Duskin initiative, if voted on that day, would win by a landslide. They note that the Urban Design Plan, which has been carefully engineered to give the appearance of protecting San Francisco's environment while actually giving developers a free hand throughout the city, has received a good press for "stopping" the Russian Hill apartments. (Even the Chamber/SPUR/Downtown Association can find little in the plan to quarrel with.)

Aug. 19. In a memo to Planning Commissioners, City Planning Director Allan Jacobs proposes immediate adoption of the plan and implementation of its height and bulk guidelines as "emergency interim zoning law"—to avoid further "damaging" confrontations.

Aug. 26. The Planning Commission, acting with the speed and zest usually reserved for approving downtown skyscrapers, abruptly, unanimously and without discussion follows Jacobs' suggestions to the letter. "This is proof that the democratic process works!" crows Jacobs.

Aug. 30. A glowing Chronicle editorial praises the emergency laws as far more flexible, more practical and more beneficial than the rigidly repressive six-story height limitation. The Chamber of Commerce and other downtown interests immediately chime in.

(For a look at the kind of environmental protection the "interim zoning laws" provide, see p. 13.)

Our media results

Results of the Guardian's media survey: (see box starting on p. 4)

1. All of the media surveyed are white-owned.
2. 26 broadcast facilities are owned by 16 licensees.
3. 6 of the 26 broadcast stations are locally controlled.
4. 2 tvs of the 5 surveyed are locally owned.
5. 4 of the 21 radio facilities (AM & FM) are locally controlled.
6. 19 of the 26 broadcast channels are owned & controlled from outside of the state of California. 14 of these are headquartered in New York City.
7. 12 of the 16 licensees (who control 26 stations) are conglomerates.
8. 6 licensees (who own & operate 10 broadcast stations) are known holders of DOD contracts.
9. 4 stations (all FM) are fully automated or simulcast.

Thumbs down

1. Municipal Judge Joseph G. Kennedy (as chairman) and Supervisors Robert "Fighting Bob" Mendelsohn,* Barbagelata, Driscoll,* Francois,* Mailliard, Tamaras and von Beroldingen (as advisory members) for fronting for the Chamber of Commerce on its front group, "Citizens for San Francisco," and its plans to oppose the Duskin high rise initiative. Seven of 11 supervisors in an open chamber skyscraper ploy—there in a nutshell is the bloc of power behind the "urban design plan," high rise and high density in SF. *Up for reelection.

2. Superior Court Judge Francis McCarty, as presiding judge of the superior court, for holding that the grand jurors can take their annual three day wine and dine vacation to Hetch Hetchy at city expense. How can grand jurors investigate a city department, then accept a \$1,200 vacation from it? This year's grand jury sees the point, if the judge doesn't, and probably won't make the trip.

3. Cablevision, San Francisco's only operating cable-tv franchise for suddenly, without notice, cancelling its locally originated programs. Comes just months after the city once again approved a cable rate increase. Cablevision is owned by Viacom, a spinoff from CBS.

4. The city of San Francisco for allowing Cablevision to up its rates and cut back its service and allowing KRON/Chron to hold the only other SF cable-tv franchise without developing it (as promised in 1966 when KRON/Chron won out over several other bidders). The city should vacate the franchise, put it out to bid and force competition with Cablevision. The rumor: KRON/Chron will trade franchises with CBS in other parts of the country and thereby get around the FCC's media monopoly rulings. Meanwhile, the city loses service and revenue from the five year inactive franchise.

5. Carleton Goodlett, publisher of the Sun-Reporter, and Assemblyman Willie Brown, a potential candidate for mayor, for their involvement in a syndicate to redevelop a chunk of the Western Addition. The blacks need Goodlett as a publisher, Brown as a legislator, not as wheeler-dealer businessmen, in dealing with the well documented ferocity of redevelopment in uprooting and displacing the black community in SF. Isn't Goodlett getting enough with the lucrative franchise to the parking garage at the airport?

6. William Buckley for buying KABL and seeking to pull the same trick KABL has used for years: to maintain offices in San Francisco and go after the SF market and identify with SF despite the fact that the station is licensed to Oakland. The transfer from McClendon to Starr/Buckley ought to be challenged on these grounds of community betrayal and carpetbagging.

7. The Chronicle's Ron Moskowitz for his "imminent crisis" reporting of the busing story: "First Day 'Chaos' Feared Over S.F. School Busing," for example on Sept. 2, and "perhaps 6,000 school assignment letters have been returned . . . as part of the boycott" (actually as Newsroom's Benet reported, the figure was about 1,500).

Thumbs up

1. Robert McCann of Hillsborough for filing a major constitutional lawsuit in federal court and personally challenging the legal bases of the war in Vietnam.

2. KGO-radio, in particular Jim Eason and prog. director Dave Crane, for letting Alvin Duskin four nights and Herb Klein one night one recent week run the show on Eason's hot 7-10 p.m. talk show. Good imaginative programming.

3. Alan K. Browne, dean of the tax exempt bond business, for taking an early retirement at 62 and resigning on principle from the BofA because of his disagreement with BofA over municipal bond policies. The BofA, he says, has "become much more oriented toward profitability" at the expense of its public service. Example: the BofA, he told Wally Turner of the NY Times on June 16, had long tried to keep down borrowing costs for public agencies in the West, which meant lower tax rates. Now, he said, the BofA philosophy is to get its bonds from New York and sell them for New York underwriters.

Further example: The April 1 issue of \$100 million BofA capital notes, which the bank offered on a hard-sell basis through its nearly 1,000 branches. The issue was withdrawn after about six weeks with about a quarter of it unsold, he said.

"I'm sure that if anyone wanted to find out how the bank sold some \$75-million in notes to its unsophisticated customers, it would not be a very interesting story."

4. Randolph Hearst and the Examiner for allowing a group of journalism students from Cal to put out a Saturday edition of the newspaper, including an editorial mildly critical of the Ex/Chron monopoly.

5. The Chronicle for its front page picture and story of a model who tried in vain to hide a small revolver under a wig, as San Quentin authorities claimed in the George Jackson shootout.